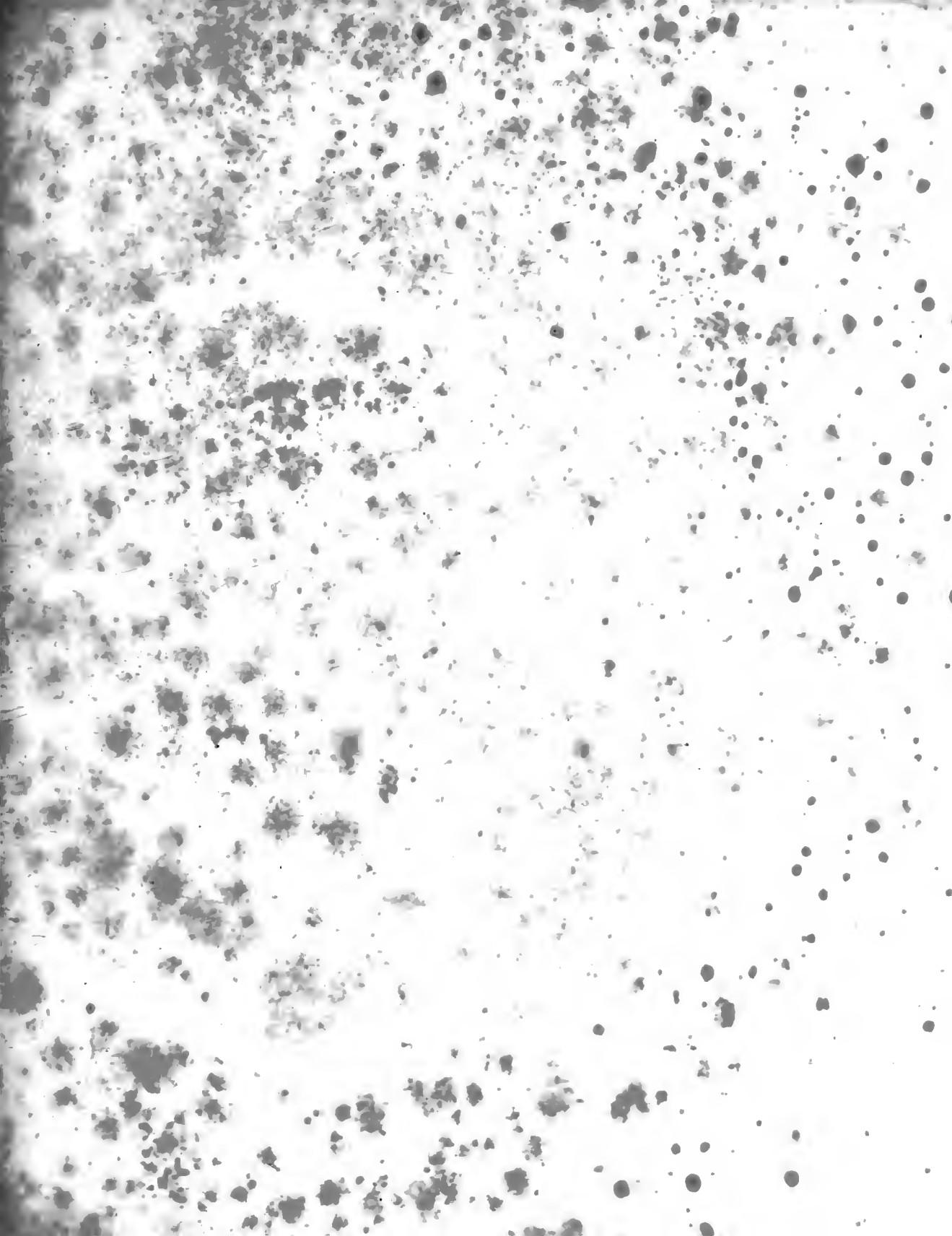
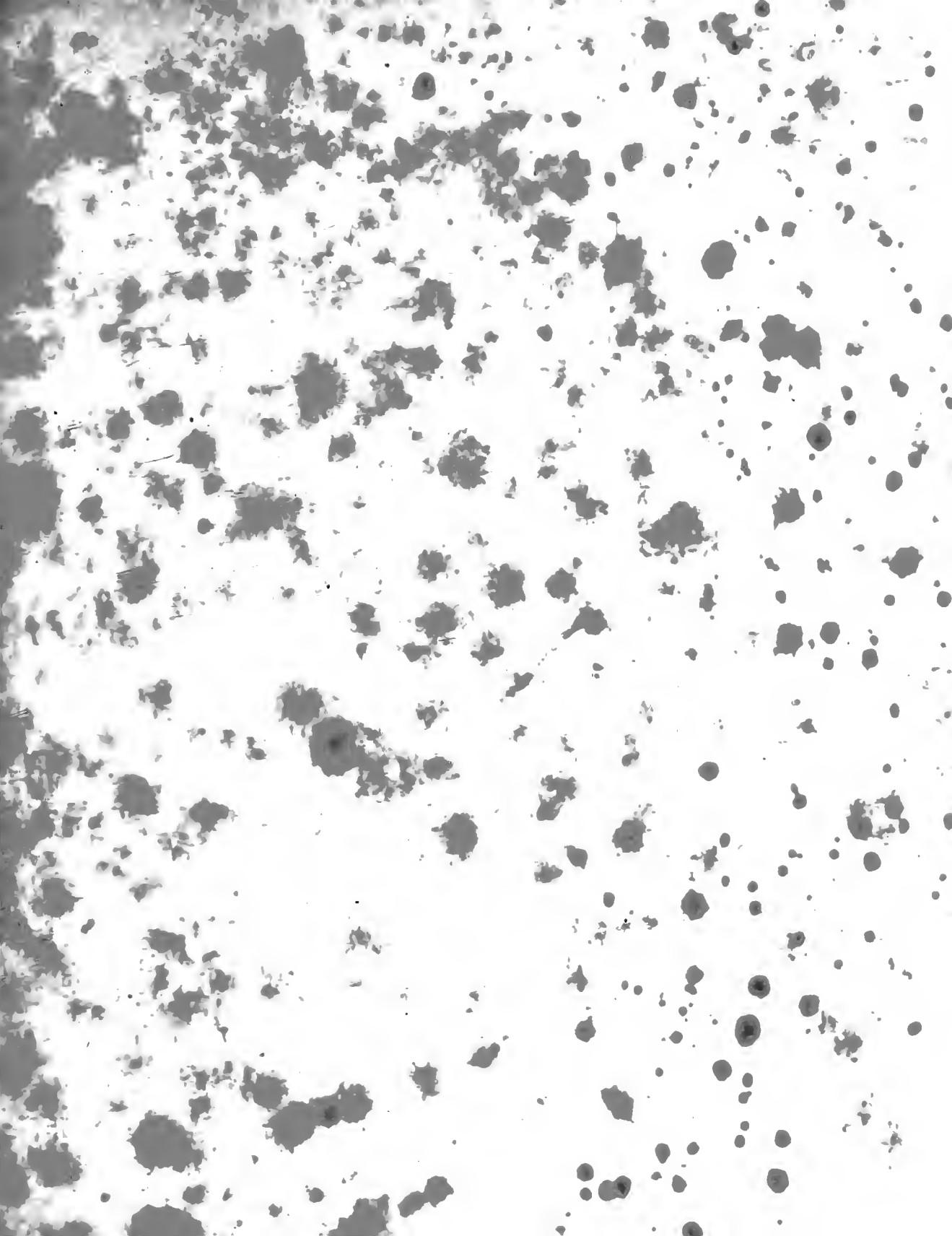


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*Treasure Room*









This is referred to in my Slips.



## FANTASTICKS.

1626.



## N O T E.

The ‘Fantasticks’ is among the very rarest of Breton’s books. Malone wrote in his copy, ‘Has any one ever seen another?’ This reproduction is from a fine exemplar in my own Library : 4to, 26 leaves. In Mr. Huth’s copy there is inserted a set of copper-plates, illustrative of the successive months of the year, with English verses beneath them. They do not seem ever to have belonged to the work (Hazlitt, s.n.) They should find more fitting insertion in Matthew Stevenson’s ‘Twelve Moneths’ (1661),—from whence, indeed, it seems likely they have been taken. A few Selections from the ‘Fantasticks’ are given in Books of Characters (1857). See our Memorial-Introduction, and Notes and Illustrations at the close.—G.



# F A N T A S T I C K S:

Seruing for

## A PERPETVALL

*Prognostication.*

*Descants of*

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. THE WORLD.<br>2. THE EARTH.<br>3. WATER.<br>4. AYRE.<br>5. FIRE.<br>6. FISH.<br>7. BEASTS.<br>8. MAN.<br>9. WOMAN.<br>10. LOUE.<br>11. MONEY.<br>12. THE SPRING. | 13. SUMMER.<br>14. HARUEST.<br>15. WINTER.<br>16. THE 12 MONETHS.<br>17. CHRISTMAS.<br>18. LENT.<br>19. GOOD FRIDAY.<br>20. EASTER DAY.<br>21. MORNING.<br>22. THE 12 HOURES.<br>23. MIDNIGHT.<br>24. THE CONCLUSION. |
|---|---|

LONDON:

*Printed for FRANCIS WILLIAMS,*

1626.

To the worshipfull and worthy Knight,

SIR MARKE IVE of Riuers Hall in Essex,

N. B. *wisheth on earth heart's ease, and heauen hereafter.*

**S**IR,—Your many fauors and my small deserts, make mee study how to discharge my selfe of ingratitude; which not knowing better how to doe then by the labour of my spirit to shew the nature of my loue, I haue thought good to present your patience with this little volume of varieties; in which though the title promise no matter of great worth, yet it may be if you peruse it, you shall finde somewhat that you may like in it; howsoeuer it be, it may serue you in

the Winter to keep you from sleep by the fire-side, and in the Summer in shady walkes, to passe away idle time. In briefe, wishing it of that nature, that might come neere the worthinesse of your acceptation, I leauie it with my better seruice to the fauor of your good discretion; and so in all humilitie rest,

Yours affectionately to command,

N. B.

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### To the Reader.

**E**T was my hap of late, walking thorow the fields, to light vpon a peece of paper; in which I found a kind of discourse set down vpon an imagination of midnight. By whom it was written, I know not, but by whomsoeuer, I liked it so well, that wishing myselfe able to do halfe soe well, I fell into an humor of imitating the veyne, so neer as I could, in description of the twelue boures, the twelue moneths, and some speciall dayes in the yere: how wel to your liking I know not, but my labour herein hath

not bin little and my desire much, I meane, to doe well; which if I have not I can be but sory that my dull wit hath not bin fed with a more pleasing humour: but if you be able to iudge of the work of it and like it, I shall be more glad then proud of it: howsoeuer it be, hoping your kindnes, I leauie it to your like censure; and so loth to entertaine your patience with a long tale to little purpose, I thus conclude, and in affection and discretion, I rest,

Your friend, N. B.



## *FANTASTICKS.*

### Descants of the Quarters, Moneths, and houres of the yeere, with other matters.

#### The World.

OUCHING my opinion of the world, I will tell you as briefly as I can, what I thinkne of it : a place wherein are contained the variety of things : men thinke, women talk, beasts feed, birds flye, fishes swim, and wormes creep : ayre pearceth, windes blow, cold nippeth, fire heathet, grasse groweth, and time withereth. Wealth is a Jewell, and pouerty is a plague : Conscience is a charge, and care is a burden. Pride is a Lord of misrule, and beauty is painted. Mars must yeld to Mercury, and Diana is a strange woman : Cupid is an idle invention, and all is as good as nothing. Loue is more talked of then proued. Couetousnesse the key of wit, Nature the trouble of Reason, and Will the master of the Senses. Beauty is an eye sore, Learning a taske, Valour a heat, and reason a study. A King, a great man : a Souldier, a stout man : a Courtier, a fine man : a Lawyer, a wise man : a Merchant, a rich man : a Begger a poore man : and an honest man, an honest man.

Fayre weather, is chearfull : foule weather is melancholie. The day is lightsome, and the night is darksom. Meate is necessary, and sleepes is easfull, and drinke doth well, and exercise doth not amisse. Law is good, and punishment is meet, and reward would be thought on : and fooles would be pityed, and so Opinions differ, and Judgements vary, and Time trauailes, and Trueth is a vertue, and wisedome an honor : and honor is a title, and Grace a gift, and Patience a blessing, and Content a Kingdome : and so from one thing to another, a trouble in all. A kingdome, full of care : wit full of trouble : power full of charge : youth

full of action : Age full of griefe : and none content with his condition : wishing in one, willing in another : thinking in one, doing in another : working in one, crossing in another : thoughts, words, and deeds, so different in their effects, that for ought I can see in it, when I haue well considered of it, I can say thus much of it, He is happy that bath not to doe with it. And not to dwell too long upon it, to conclude my opinion briefly of it, I hold it the Labyrinth of wit, and the toyle of vnderstanding, the pilgrimage of patience, and the purgatory of reason. Farewell.



#### Loue.

TOUCHING my Judgement of Loue, it is, if it bee any thing, such a thing to speake of, that to tell truly, I know not well what to say of it : but yet what I imagine of it, I will tell you : at the first, I ghesse, it was an old nothing, to exercise wit in idlenes, and now, is a kind of new-nothing to feed folly with imagination : but be it what it will be, or may be, this wanton Loue that this world is too full of, whatsoeuer it is, thus much I find of it : It is begotten by the eyes, bred in the braines, walkes in the tongue, growes with the flesh, and dyes in an humour : and this ill commonly doth trouble wit, hinder Arte, hurt Nature, disgrace Reason, lose time, and spoile substance : It crosseth wisedome, serueth Beaultie, and soteth folly : weakneth strength, and baseth Honour : It is only Willes darling, Patience triall, and Passions torture, the pleasure of melancholy, and the

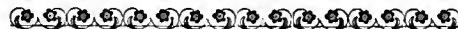
play of madnesse, the delight of varieties, and the deuiser of vanities : The Virgins cracke, and the Widowes crosse : The Batchelors hane and the maried mans Purgatory : the Yong mans misery and the Ageds consumption : The abuse of Learning, the ground of Enuy, the stirrer of wrath, and the cause of mischiefe : The disquiet of the mind, the distractour of the Wit, the disturber of the Senses, and the destruction of the whole body. A fained god, an idle fancy, a kind of fury, and in some kind a frenzy. To conclude, I hold it an Inuention of idlenesse, and an Imagination of Indiscretion : the plague of people, and the mocke of the Word. Farewell.



### Money.

**T**O tell you mine opinion of money, I thinke it the Monarch of the world : the maintainer of Pride, the Nurse of Couetousnesse, the Steward of Lechery, the sower of Sedition, the cause of war, the sacke of a City, and the ouerthrow of a Campe : The Gluttons Purveyour, and the Drunkards Cupbearer : the Thieffes tempter, and the Hangmans Master : The misguider of Wit, the corrupter of Conscience, the blinder of Reason, and the ouerthrow of Honour : the Usurers God, the poore mans oppression, the Lawyers hope, and the Laborers hire : doth good to few, but hurt to many : puls downe the Churches, and builds the faire houses, makes the Prodigall an Ape, and the miser dogged : makes Bridges ouer the Sea, and fire in mens braines : fetcheth the Beasts from the Wildernesse, and the Birds from the Ayre : it drawes fansies out of fine Wits, and eloquence from learned mouths : It makes friends foes, and enemies friends : It serues all professions, all qualities, and conditions, from the King to the Begger.

In summe, not to talke too much of it, hauing so little of it : I thus conclude my opinion of it : I thinke it a necessary drosse, and a dangerous mettall, the reliefs of the honest, and the ruine of the wicked. Farewell.



### The Spring.

**I**T is now Spring : a Time blest of the Heauens for the comfort of the Earth ; now begins the Sunne to giue light vnto the Ayre, and with the reflexion of his beames to warme the cold earth : the Beasts of the woods looke out into the plaines, and the fishes out of the deepe run vp into the shallow waters, the breeding fowles fall to building of their nests, and the senselesse creatures gather life into their bodies, the Birds tune their throats to

entertaine the Sunne rising, and the little flies begin to flocke in the ayre : now Cupid begins to nocke his Arrowes and sharpe their heads : and Venus, if she be, will be knowne what she is : Now Pallas and her Muses try the Poets in their Pamphlets, and Diana, if shee bee to hee seene, is a grace to her fayrest Nymph : Time is now gracious in Nature, and Nature in time : the Ayre wholesome, and the earth pleasant, and the sea not vncomfortable : the Aged feele a kind of youth, and Youth, the Spirit ful of life : it is the messenger of many pleasures : the Courties progresse, and the Farmers profit : the Labourers Haruest, and the Beggers Pilgrimage. In summe, there is much good to be spoken of this time : but to auoyd tediousnes, I will thus conclude of it : I hold it in all that I can see in it, the Jewell of time, and the Joy of Nature. Farewell.



### Summer.

**I**T is now Summer, and Zephirus with his sweet breath cooles the parching beames of Titan : the leaves of the trees are in whisper talkes of the blessings of the aire, while the Nightingale is tuning her throat to refresh the weary spirit of the Trauayler : Flora now brings out her Wardrop, and richly embroydred her greene Apron : the Nymphes of the Woodes in consort with the Muses sing an Aue to the Morning, and a Vale to the Sunnes setting : the Lambes and the Rabbettes run at base in the sandy Warrens, and the Plow landes are couered with corne : the stately Hart is at Layre in the high wood, while the Hare in a furrow sits washing of her face : The Bull makes his walke like a Master of the field, and the broad-headed Ox beares the Garland of the market : the Angler with a fly takes his pleasure with the fish, while the little Merline hath the Partridge in the foot : the Hony-dewes perfume the Ayre, and the Sunny-showers are the earths comfort : the Greyhound on the plaine makes the faire course : and the wel-mouthed Hound makes the Musicke of the woods : the Battaile of the field is now stoutly fought, and the proud Rye must stoupe to the Sickle : The Carters whistle cheeres his forehorse, and drinke and sweat is the life of the Labourer : Idle spirits are banished the limits of Honour, while the studious braine brings forth his wonder : the Azure Sky shewes the Heauen is gracious, and the glorious Sunne glads the spirit of Nature : The ripened fruits shew the beauty of the earth, and the brightnesse of the aire the glory of the heauens : In summe, for the world of worth I find in it, I thus conclude of it : I hold it a most sweet season, the variety of pleasures, and the Paradise of loue. Farewell.

### Haruest.

IT is now Haruest, and the Larke must lead her yong out of the nest : for the Sithe and the Sickle wil down with the grasse and the corne : Now are the hedges ful of Berries, and the highwayes full of Rogues, and the lazy Limmes must sleepe out their dinner : The Ant and the Bee worke for their winter prouision, and after a frost, the Grashopper is not seene : Butter, milke, and cheese, are the Labourers dyet, and a pot of good Beere, quickens his spirit. If there be no plague, the people are healthy, for continuance of motion is a preseruation of nature : The fresh of the morning, and the coole of the Euening are the times of Court walkes ; but the poore traueller treads out the whole day : Malt is now aboue wheat with a number of mad people, and a fine shirt is better then a Frize Jerkin : Peares and Plummes now ripen apace, and being of a watry substance, are cause of much sicknesse : The pipe and the taber now follow the Fayres, and they that haue any money, make a gaine of their markets. Bucks now are in season, and Partridges are Rowen-taild, and a good Retriuer is a Spaniell worth the recompence. In sum, it is a time of much worth, when, if God bee well pleased, the world will thriue the better. And to conclude, this is all that I will say of it ; I hold it the Heauens Bounty, the Earths Beauty, and the Worlds Benefit. Farewell.



### Winter.

IT is now Winter, and Boreas beginnes to fill his cheekes with breath, shaketh the tops of the high Cedars, and hoyseth the waues of the Sea, to the danger of the Saylers confort : Now is the Earth nipt at the heart with a cold, and her Trees are disrobed of their rich apparell : there is a glasse set vpon the face of the Waters, and the Fishes are driuen to the bottomes of the deepe : The Usurer now sits lapt in his furses, and the poore makes his breath, a fire to his fingers ends : Beautie is maskt for feare of the ayre, and youth runnes to Physicke for Restoratiues of Nature : The Stagge roares for losse of his strength, and the Flea makes his Castle in the wooll of a blanket : Cards and Dice now begin their haruest, and good Ale and Sack are the cause of ciuill warres : Machiauil and the Deuill are in counsell vpon destruction, and the wicked of the world make hast to hell : Money is such a Monopoly, that hee is not to be spoken of, and the delay of suits is the death of hope. In it selfe it is a wofull Season, the punishment of natures pride, and the play of misery. Farewell.

### January.

IT is now Januari, and Time beginnes to turne the wheel of his Reuolution, the Woods begin to lose the beauty of their spreading boughes, and the proud Oke must stoop to the Axe : the Squirrell now surueyeth the Nut and the Maple, and the Hedgehogge rowles vp himselfe like a football : an Apple and a Nutmeg make a Gossips cup : and the Ale and the Fagot are the Victuallers merchandise : the Northerne blacke Dust is the during Fuell, and the fruit of the Grape heats the stormake of the Aged : Downe beds and quilted Cappes are now in the pride of their seruice, and the Cooke and the Pantler are men of no meane office : the Oxen and the fat Weather now furnish the market, and the Coney is so ferreted, that she cannot keepe in her brough : the Currier and the Lime-rod are the death of the fowle, and the Faulcons bels ring the death of the Mallard : the trotting gelding makes a way through the mire, and the Hare and the Hound put the Huntsman to his horne : the barren Doe subscribes to the dish, and the smallest seed makes sauce to the greatest flesh : the dried grasse is the horses ordinary, and the meale of the beanies makes him goe through with his trauell : Fishermen now haue a cold trade, and trauellers a foule journey : the Cook room now is not the worst place in the Ship, and the Shepheard hath a bleake seat on the Mountaine : the Blackbird leaueth not a berry on the thorne, and the garden earth is turned vp for her roots : the water floods runne ouer the proud bankes, and the gaping Oyster leaues his shell in the streets, while the proud Peacocke leaps into the pye : Muscouia commodities are now much in request, and the water Spaniell is a necessary seruant : the Lode horse to the mill hath his full backe burthen ; and the Thresher in the barne tries the strength of his flayle : the Woodcocke and the Pheasant pay their lues for their feed, and the Hare after a course makes his hearse in a pye : the shoulder of a hog is a shooing horne to good drink, and a cold almes makes a begger shrug. To conclude, I hold it a time of little comfort, the rich mans charge, and the poore mans misery. Farewell.



### February.

IT is now February, and the Sun is gotten up a Cocke-stride of his climbing, the Valleyes now are painted white, and the brookes are full of water : the Frog goes to seeke out the Paddocke, and the Crow and the Rooke begin to mislike their old Makes : forward Connies begin now to kindle, and the fat grounds are not without Lambes : the Gardiner fals to sorting of his seeds, and

the Husbandman falls afresh to scowring of his Plough-share: the Terme trauellers make the Shooemakers Haruest, and the Chaundlers cheese makes the chalke walke apace: The Fishmonger sorts his ware against Lent: and a Lambe-skinne is good for a lame arme: the waters now alter the nature of their softnes, and the soft earth is made stony hard: The Ayre is sharp and piercing, and the winds blow cold: the Tauernes and the Innes seldome lack Guests, and the Ostler knows how to gaine by his Hay: the hunting Horse is at the heeles of the Hound, while the amhling Nagge carrieth the Physitian and his footclothe: the blood of Youth begins to spring, and the honour of Art is gotten by Exercise: The trees a little begin to bud, and the sap begins to rise vp out of the root: Physick now hath work among weake bodies, and the Apothecaries drugges are very gainfull: There is hope of a better time not farre off, for this in it selfe is little comfortable: and for the small pleasure that I find in it, I will thus briefly conclude of it: It is the poor mans pick-purse, and the misers cut-throat, the enemy to pleasure, and the time of patience. Farewell.



### March.

IT is now March, and the Northerne wind dryeth vp the Southerne durt: The tender Lippes are now maskt for feare of chopping, and the faire hands must not be vngloued: now riseth the Sunne a pretty step to his faire height, and Saint Valentine calls the birds together, where Nature is pleased in the varietie of loue: the Fishes and the Frogs fall to their manner of generation, and the Adder dyes to bring forth her young: the Ayre is sharpe, but the Sunne is comfortable, and the hay beginnes to lengthen: The forward Gardens giue the fine Sallets, and a Nosegay of Violets is a present for a Lady: Now beginneth Nature (as it were) to wake out of her sleepe, and sende the Traueller to suruey the walkes of the World: the sucking Rabbit is good for weake stomackes, and the dyet for the Rhume doth many a great Cure: The Farrier now is the horses Physitian, and the fat Dog feeds the Faulcon in the Mew: The Tree begins to bud, and the grasse to peape abroad, while the Thrush with the Black-bird make a charme in the young Springs: the Milke-mayd with her best beloued, talke away wearinesse to the Market, and in an honest meaning, kind words doe no hurt: The Foot-ball now tryeth the legges of strength, and merry matches continue good fellowship: It is a time of much worke, and tedious to discourse of: but in all I find of it, I thus

conclude in it: I hold it the Seruant of Nature, and the Scholemaster of Art: the hope of labour, and the Subiect of Reason. Farewell.



### April.

IT is now April, and the Nightingale begins to tune her throat against May: the Sunny showers perfume the aire, and the Bees begin to goe abroad for honey: the Dewe, as in Pearles, hangs vpon the tops of the grasse, while the Turtles sit billing vpon the little greene boughes: the Trowt begins to play in the Brookes, and the Sammon leaues the Sea, to play in the fresh waters: The Garden-bankes are full of gay flowers, and the Thorne and the Plumme send forth their faire Blossomes: the March Colt begins to play, and the Cosset Lamb is learned to butt. The Poets now make their studies in the woods, and the Youth of the Country make ready for the Morris-dance; the little Fishes lye nibbling at a bait, and the Porpas playes in the pride of the tide: the Shepheards pipe entertaines the Princesse of Arcadia, and the healthfull Souldier hath a pleasant march. The Larke and the Lambe looke vp at the Sun, and the labourer is abroad by the dawning of the day: Sheepes eyes in Lambs heads, tell kind hearts strange tales, while faith and troth make tfe true Louers knot: the aged haire find a fresh life, and the youthfull cheeks are as red as a cherry: It were a world to set downe the worth of this moneth: But in summe, I thus conclude, I hold it the Heauens blessing, and the Earths comfort. Farewell.



### May.

IT is now May, and the sweetnesse of the Aire refreshest every spirit: the sunny beames bring forth faire Blossomes, and the dripping Clouds water Floraes great garden: the male Deere puts out the Velvet head, and the pagged Doe is neere her fawning: The Sparhawk now is drawne out of the mew, and the Fowler makes ready his whistle for the Quaile: the Larke sets the morning watch, and the euening, the Nightingale: the Barges, like Bowers, keep the streams of the sweet Riuers, and the Mackrell with the Shad are taken prisoners in the Sea: the tall young Oke is cut downe for the Maypole: the Sithe and the Sickle are the Mowers furniture, and fayre weather makes the

Labourer merry : the Physitian now prescribes the cold Whey, and the Apothecary gathers the dew for a medicine : Butter and Sage make the wholsome breakfast, but fresh cheese and creame are meat for a dainty mouth : and the Strawbery and the Pescod want no price in the market : the Chicken and the Ducke are fatned for the market, and many a Goslin neuer liues to be a Goose. It is the moneth wherein Nature hath her full of mirth, and the Senses are filled with delights. I conclude, It is from the Heauens a Grace, and to the Earth a Gladnesse. Farewell.



### Iune.

IT is now Iune and the Hay-makers are mustered to make an army for the field, where not alwayes in order, they march vnder the Bagge and the Bottle, when betwixt the Forke and the Rake, there is seene great force of armes : Now doth the broad Oke comfort the weary Laborer, while vnder his shady Boughe he sits singing to his bread and cheese : the Hay-cocke is the Poore mans Lodging, and the fresh Riuer is his gracious Neighbour : Now the Faulcon and the Tassell try their wings at the Partridge, and the fat Bucke fils the great pasty : the trees are all in their rich aray : but the seely Sheep is turned out of his coat : the Roses and sweet Herbes put the Distiller to his cunning, while the greene apples on the tree are ready for the great bellied wiues : Now begins the Hare to gather vp her heeles, and the Foxe lookes about him, for feare of the Hound : the Hooke and the Sickle are making ready for haruest : the Medow grounds gape for raine, and the Corne in the eare begins to harden : the little Lads make Pipes of the straw, and they that cannot dance, will yet bee hopping : the Ayre now groweth somewhat warme, and the coole winds are very comfortable : the Sayler now makes merry passage, and the nimble Foot-man runnes with pleasure : In briefe, I thus conclude, I hold it a sweet season, the senses perfume, and the spirits comfort. Farewell.



### July.

IT is now July and the Sunne is gotten vp to his height, whose heat parcheth the earth, and burnes vp the grasse on the mountaines. Now begins the Canon of heauen to rattle, and when the fire is put to the

charge, it breaketh out among the Cloudes : the stones of congealed water cut off the eares of the Corne : and the blacke stormes affright the faint-hearted : the Stag and the Bucke are now in pride of their time, and the hardnesse of their heads makes them fit for the Horner : Now hath the Sparhawk the Partridge in the foot, and the Ferret doth tickle the Cony in the brough. Now doeth the Farmer make ready his teame, and the Carter with his whip, hath no small pride in his Whistle : Now doe the Reapers try their backs and their Armes, and the lusty Youthes pitch the sheafes into the Cart. The old Partridge calles her Couey in the morning, and in the euening, the Shepheard fals to folding of his flocke : the Sparrowes makes a charme upon the greene Bushes, till the Fowler come and take them by the dozens : the Smelt now begins to be in season, and the Lamprey out of the Riuer leapes into a Pye : the Souldier now hath a hot March, and the Lawyer sweats in his lyned Gowne ; The Pedler now makes a long walke, and the Aqua vita Bottle sets his face on a fiery heat : In summe, I thus conclude of it, I hold it a profitable season, the Labourers gaine, and the rich mans wealth. Farewell.



### August.

IT is now August, and the Sunne is some what to wards his declination, yet such is his heat as hardeneth the soft clay, dries vp the standing ponds, wythereth the sappy leaues and scorcheth the skin of the naked : now beginne the Gleaners to follow the Corne Cart, and a little bread to a great deale of drinke makes the Trauailers dinner : the Melowne and the Cucumber is now in request : and Oyle and vineger giue attendance on the Sallet hearbes : the Alehouse is more frequented then the Tauerne, and a fresh Riuer is more comfortable then a fiery Furnace : the Bathe is now much visited by diseased bodies, and in the fyre Riners, swimming is a sweet exercise : the Bow and the Bowle picke many a purse, and the Cockes with their heeles spurne away many a mans wealth : The Pipe and the Taber is now lustily set on worke, and the Lad and the Lasse will haue no lead on their heeles : the new Wheat makes the Gossips Cake, and the Bride Cup is caried aboue the heads of the whole Parish : the Furmenty pot welcomes home the Haruest cart, and the Garland of flowers crownes the Captaine of the Reapers. Oh, 'tis the merry time, wherein honest Neighbours make good cheere, and God is glorified in his blessings on the earth. In summe, for that I find, I thus conclude, I hold it the worlds welfare, and the earths Warming-pan. Farewell.

### September.

**I**T is now September, and the Sunne begins to fall much from his height, the medowes are left bare, by the mouthes of hungry Cattell, and the Hogges are turned into the Corne fields : the windes begin to knocke the Apples heads together on the trees, and the fallings are gathered to fill the Pyes for the Houshold : the Saylers fall to worke to get afore the winde, and if they spy a storme, it puts them to prayer : the Souldier now begins to shrug at the weather, and the Campe dissolved, the Companies are put to Garison : the Lawyer now begins his Haruest, and the Client payes for words by waight : the Innes now begin to prouide for ghests, and the night-eaters in the stable, pinch the Tranailer in his bed : Paper, pen, and inke are much in request, and the quarter Sessions take order with the way-layers : Coales and wood make toward the Chimney, and Ale and Sacke are in account with good fellowes : the Butcher now knocks downe the great Beeenes, and the Poulters feathers make toward the Upholster : Walfet Oysters are the Fish wiues wealth, and Pippins fine are the Costermongers rich merchandise : the flayle and the fan fall to worke in the Barne, and the Corne market is full of the Bakers : the Porkets now are driven to the Woods, and the home-fed Pigges make porke for the market. In briefe, I thus conclude of it, I hold it the Winters forewarning, and the Summers farewell.

Adieu.

### October.

**I**T is now October, and the lofty windes make bare the trees of their leaues, while the hogs in the Woods grow fat with the falne Acorns : the forward Deere begin to goe to rut, and the barren Doe growth good meat : the Basket-makers now gather their rods, and the fishers lay their leapes in the deepe : the loade horses goe apace to the Mill, and the Meal-market is seldom without people : the Hare on the hill makes the Greyhound a faire course, and the Foxe in the woods calles the Hounds to a full cry : the multitude of people raiseth the price of wares, and the smoothe tongue will sell much : the Saylor now bestirreth his stumps, while the Merchant lieth in feare of the weather : the great feasts are now at hand for the City, but the poore must not beg for feare of the stockes : a fire and a paire of Cards keepe the ghests in the Ordinary, and Tobacco is held very precious for the Rheume : The Coaches now begin to rattle in the Street : but the cry of the poore is vnpleasing to the rich : Muffes and Cuffes are now in request, and the shuttel-Cocke with the Battel-doore is a pretty house-

exercise : Tennis and Baloune are sports of some charge, and a quicke bandy is the Court-keepers commodity : dancing and fencing are now in some vse, and kind hearts and true Louers ly close, to keepe off cold : the Titmouse now keepes in the hollow tree, and the black bird sits close in the bottome of a hedge : In briefe, for the little pleasure I find in it, I thus conclude of it : I hold it a Messenger of ill newes, and a second seruice to a cold dinner. Farewell.

### Nouember.

**I**T is now Nouember, and according to the old Proverbe,

Let the Thresher take his flayle,  
And the ship no more sayle :

for the high winds and the rough seas will try the ribs of the Shippe, and the hearts of the Sailers : Now come the Countrey people all wet to the Market, and the toylng Carriers are pittifullly moyled : The yong Herne and the Shoulerd are now fat for the great Feast, and the Woodcocke begins to make toward the Cockeshoot : the Warriners now beginne to plie their haruest, and the Butcher, after a good bargaine drinks a health to the Grasier : the Cooke and the Comfitmaker, make ready for Christmas, and the Minstrels in the Countrey, beat their boyes for false fingring : Schollers before breakefast haue a cold stomacke to their bookees, and a Master without Art is fit for an A. B. C. A red herring and a cup of Sacke, make warre in a weake stomacke, and the poore mans fast, is better then the Gluttons surfeit : Trenchers and dishes are now necessary seruants, and a locke to the Cubboord keepes a bit for a neede : Now beginnes the Goshauke to weed the wood of the Pheasant and the Mallard lounes not to heare the belles of the Faulcon : The winds now are cold, and the Ayre chill, and the poore die through want of Charitie : Butter and Cheese beginne to rayse their prices, and Kitchen stufte is a commoditie, that every man is not acquainted with. In summe, with a conceit of the chilling cold of it, I thus conclude in it : I hold it the discomfort of Nature, and Reasons patience.

Farewell.

### December.

**I**T is now December, and hee that walkes the streets, shall find durt on his shooes, Except hee goe all in bootes : Now doth the Lawyer make an end of his

haruest, and the Client of his purse : Now Capons and Hennes, beside Turkies, Geese and Duckes, besides Beefe and Mutton, must all die for the great feast, for in twelve dayes a multitude of people will not bee fed with a little : Now plummes and spice, Sugar and Honey, square it among pies and broth, and Gossip I drinke to you, and you are welcome, and I thanke you, and how doe you, and I pray you hee merrie : Now are the Taylors and the Tiremakers full of worke against the Holidayes, and Musicke now must bee in tune, or else never : the youth must dance and sing, and the aged sit by the fire. It is the Law of Nature, and no Contradiction in reason : The Asse that hath borne all the yeare, must now take a little rest, and the leane Ox must feed till hee bee fat : the Footman now shall haue many a soule step, and the Ostler shall haue worke enough about the heelles of the Horses, while the Tapster, if hee take not heed, will lie drunke in the Seller : The prices of meat will rise apace, and the apparell of the proud will make the Taylor rich : Dice and Cardes, will benefit the Butler : And if the Cooke doe not lacke wit, hee will sweetly licker his fingers : Starchers and Launderers will haue their hands full of worke, and Periwigs and painting wil not bee a little set hy,

Strange stuffes will bee well sold,  
Strange tales well told,  
Strange sights much sought,  
Strange things much bought,  
And what else as fals out.

To conclude, I hold it the costly Purveyour of Excesse, and the after breeder of necessitie, the practice of Folly, and the Purgatory of Reason. Farewell.

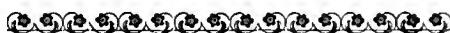
Maskers and the Mummers make the merry sport : but if they lose their money, their Drumme goes dead : Swearers and Swaggerers are sent away to the Ale-house, and vnruyl Wenchies goe in danger of Judgement : Musicians now make their Instruments speake out, and a good song is worth the hearing. In summe, it is a holy time, a duty in Christians, for the remembrance of Christ, and custome among friends, for the maintenance of good fellowship : In briefe, I thus conclude of it. I hold it a memory of the Heauens Lorie, and the worlds peace, the myth of the honest, and the meeting of the friendly.

Farewell.



### Lent.

**I**T is now Lent, and the poore Stockfish is sore beaten for his stubbornesse : the Herring dominiers like a Lord of great Seruice, and the fruit of the Dairy makes a hungry Feast : Fasting and mourning is the life of the poore, and the Dogges grow leane, with the lacke of bones, while the Prisoners heart is nipt with penury : the Beasts of the Forests haue a bare feed, and the hard crusts try the teeth of the Begger : The Byrd hath a little shelter in the Bush, and a bitter frost makes a backward Spring : The Sunne giues but little warmth, and the March wind makes the Ayre cold : The Fisher-men now are the Rakers of the Sea, and the Oyster gapes to catch hold of the Crab : Solitariness and Melancholy breed the hurt of Nature, and the nakednesse of the Earth is the eyes discomfort : Idle people sit picking of Sallets, and necessity of exercise is an enemy to study : the winds grow dangerous to the Sayler and the Rockes are the ruine of the merchant : the Sentinell now keeps a cold watch, and the Sconce is nothing comfortable to the Souldier : the Shepheard hath little pleasure in his Pipe, and Age hath but a dead feeling in loue : the Colt hath a ragged coat, and the halfe mewed head disgraceth the Deere : the Faulcons wing is but young feathered, and the deepe fallow wearies the Huntsman : there is nothing pleasing but hope, that the dayes will lengthen and time will be more comfortable. I conclude, in it selfe, it is an vncomfortable season, the Heauens frown, and the Earths punishment. Farewell.

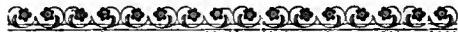


### Good Friday.

**I**T is now Good Friday, and a general Fast must be kept among all Christians, in remembrance of Christs Passion : Flesh and Fish must bee vanished

**I**T is now Christmas, and not a Cup of drinke must passe without a Caroll, the Beasts, Fowle, and Fish, come to a generall execution, and the Corne is ground to dust for the Bakehouse, and the Pastry : Cards and Dice purge many a purse, and the Youth shew their agility in shooing of the wild Mare : now good cheere and welcome, and God be with you, and I thanke you, and against the new yeaer, prouide for the presents : the Lord of Mis-rule is no meane man for his time, and the ghests of the hight Table must lacke no Wine : the lusty bloods must looke about them like men, and piping and dauncing puts away much melancholy : stolne Venison is sweet, and a fat Coney is worth money : Pit-falles are now set for small Birdes, and a Woodcocke hangs himselfe in a gynne : a good fire heats all the house, and a full Almes-basket makes the Beggers Prayers : the

all stomackes, strong or weake : Now beginnes the Farewell to thin fare, and the Fishmongers may shut vp their shoppes till the Holy-dayes be past : the Butchers now must wash their Boords, make cleane their Aprons, sharpen their kniues, and sort their prickes, and cut out their meat for Easter Eue market : Now must the Poulters make ready their Rabbets and their Fowle, the Cookes haue their Ovens cleane, and all for Pies and Tarts against the merry Feast : Now the Maids bestir them about their houses, the Launders about their Linen, the Taylors about Apparell, and all for this holy time : Now young Lambs, young Rabbets, and young Chickens dye for fine appetites, and now the Minstrill tunes his Instruments, to haue them ready for the yong people : but with the aged and the religious, there is nothing but sorrow and mourning, confession, contrition, and absolution, and I know not what : few that are merry, but children that breake vp schoole, and wenches that are vpon the mariage. In summe, it is such an odde day by it selfe, that I will onely make this conclusion of it : It is the Bridle of Nature, and the Examiner of Reason. Farewell.



### Easter day.

**I**T is now Easter, and Jacke of Lent is turned out of doores : the Fishermen now hang vp their nets to dry, while the Calfe and the Lambe walke toward the Kitchin and the Pastry : the velvet heads of the Forrests fall at the loose of the Crosse-bow : the Samman Trowt playes with the Fly, and the March Rabbit runnes dead into the dish : the Indian commodities pay the Merchants aduenture : and Barbary Sugar puts Honey out of countenance : the holly feast is kept for the faithfull, and a knowne Jew hath no place among Christians : the Earth now beginnes to paint her vpper garment, and the trees put out their young buds, the little Kids chew their Cuds, and the Swallow feeds on the Flyes in the Ayre : the Storke clenseth the Brookes of the Frogges, and the Sparhawk prepares her wing for the Partridge : the little Fawne is stolne from the Doe, and the male Deere beginne to heard : the spirit of Youth is inclined to mirth, and the consciential Scholler will not breake a holy-day : the Minstrill calls the Maid from her dinner, and the Louers eyes doe troule like Tennis balls. There is mirth and ioy, when there is health and liberty : and he that hath money, will be no meane man in his mansion : the Ayre is wholesome, and the Skye comfortable, the Flowers odiferous, and the Fruits pleasant : I conclude, it is a day of much delightfulness : the Sunnes dancing day, and the Earths Holy-day. Farewell.

### Morning.

**I**T is now Morning, and Time hath woond vp the Wheeles of his day Watch, while the Larke, the Sunnes Trumpet, calls the Labourer to his worke : there is ioy and comfort through the whole world, that the spirits of life are awaked out of their dead sleepe : It is the blessed time of reason, in which the best things are begunne, while Nature goes to experience for the better perfection of her businesse : The Sunne now beginnes to draw open the Curtaine of his Pavillion, and with the heat of his Beames drawes vp the vnwholesome mists in the Ayre : the Mother-Earth is recovered of her cold sicknesse, and sends forth her fayre flowers to perfume the infected ayre : now the Sorceress with her magicke Art puts her charmes to silence, and the Birds of the woods make musicke to the poore traueller. Now begin the wits of the wise, and the limbes of strength to compasse the world, and make Art honourable : Theeuers now are either caued or imprisoned, and knowledge of comfort puts care to a *Non plus*. The beasts of the forrests vse the silence of feare, and the Wolfe like a Dog dares not looke out of his denne : the Wormes into the earth, and the Toades into the Waters, flye for feare of their heads : This is a time that I ioy in, for I think no time lost, but in sleepe : and now haue imaginations their best meanes to attire themselves in the golden linerie of their best graces ; to which the night is at no time by deprivation of action. I conclude, it is in it selfe a blessed season, a dispersing of the first darknesse, and the Diall of Alexander. Farewell.



### One of the Clocke.

**I**T is now the first hour and Time is, as it were, stepping out of darknesse, and stealing towards the day : the Cocke cals to his Henne, and bids her beware of the Foxe ; and the Watch hauing walkt the streets, take a nap vpon a stall : the Bell-man cals to the maidis to looke to their lockes, their fire, and their light, and the child in the cradle cals to the Nurse for a Dug : the Cat sits watching behind the Cupboard for a Mouse, and the Flea sucks on sweet flesh, till he is ready to burst with the blood : the spirits of the studious start out of their dreames, and if they cannot fall asleepe againe, then to the Booke and the waxe Candle : the Dog at the doore frayes the Theefe from the house, and the Theefe within the house may hap to be about his businesse. In some places Bels are rung to certayne orders : but the quiet sleeper never tels the Clocke : not to dwell too long vpon it, I hold it the farewell of the night, and the forerunner to the day, the spirits watch and Reasons workemaster. Farewell.

### Two of the Clocke.

IT is now the second houre, and the point of the Diall hath stept ouer the first stroake, and now Time beginnes to draw backe the Curtaine of the night : the Cocke againe cals to his Henne, and the Watch beginne to bussle toward their discharge : The Bell-man hath made a great part of his walke, and the Nurse beginnes to huggle the child to the Dugge : the Cat sits playing with the Mouse which she hath catched, and the Dog with his barking wakes the seruants of the house : the studious now are neere vpon waking, and the theefe will be gone, for feare of being taken : The Forresters now be about their walkes, and yet stealers sometime cozen the Keepers : Warreners now beginne to draw homeward, and far dwellers from the towne, will be on the way to the market ; The Souldier now lookestowards the Court de Garde, and the Corporall takes care for the relife of the Watch : the earnest Scholler will be now at his booke, and the thrifte Husbandman will rowse towards his rising : the Seaman will now looke out for light, and if the wind be faire, bee cals for a Can of Beere : the fishermen now take the benefit of the tyde, and he that bobs for Eeles, will not be without Worms. In summe, I hold it much of the nature of the first houre, but somewhat better. And to conclude, I thinke it the enemy of Sleepe, and the entrance to Exercise. Farewell.

### Three of the Clocke.

IT is now the third houre, and the Windowes of Heauen beginne to open, and the Sunne beginnes to colour the Clouds in the Sky, before he shew his face to the World : Now are the spirits of life, as it were, risen out of death : the Cocke cals the seruants to their dayes work, and the grasse horses are fetcht from the Pastures : the Milke-maids begin to looke toward their dayry, and the good Huswife beginnes to looke about the house : the Porrage pot is on for the seruants breakfast, and hungry stomackes will soone be ready for their victuall : the Sparrow beginnes to chirpe about the house, and the Birds in the bushes will bid them welcome to the field : the Shepheard sets on his Pitch on the fire, and fills his Tar-pot ready for his flocke : the Wheele and the Reele beginne to be set ready, and a merry song makes the worke seeme easie : the Plough-man falls to harnesses his horses, and the Thrasher beginnes to looke toward the barne : the Scholler that loues learning, will be hard at his Booke, and the Labourer by great, will be walking toward his worke. In briefe, it is a parcell of time, to good purpose, the exercise of Nature, and the entrance into Art. Farewell.

### Foure of the Clocke.

IT is now the fourth houre, and the Sunne beginnes to send her beames abroad, whose glimmering brightnesse no eye can behold : Now crowes the Cocke lustily, and claps his wings for ioy of the light, and with his Hennes leaps lightly from his Roust : Now are the Horses at their Chaffe and Prounder : the seruants at breakfast, the Milk-maid gone to the field, and the Spinner at the Wheele : and the Shepheard with his Dog are going toward the Fold : Now the Beggers rouse them out of the Hedges, and begin their morning craft : but if the Constable come, beware the stocks : The Birds now beginne to flocke, and the Sparhawk beginnes to prey for his Ayry : The Thresher beginnes to stretch his long armes, and the thriuing Labourer will fall hard to his worke: the quicke witted braine will be quoting of places, and the cunning workman will bee trying of his skill : the Hounds begin to bee coupled for the chase, and the Spaniels follow the Faulconer to the field : Trauellers beginne to looke toward the Stable, where an honest Hostler is worthy his reward : the Souldier now is vpon discharge of his Watch, and the Captaine with his company may take as good rest as they can : In summe, I thus conclude of it : I hold it the Messenger of Action, and the Watch of Reason. Farewell.

### Five of the Clocke.

IT is now fие of the Clocke, and the Sunne is going apace vpon his iourney : and fie sluggards, who would be asleepe: the Bells ring to Prayer, and the streets are full of people, and the high-wayes are stored with Trauellers : the Schollers are vp and going to schoole, and the Rods are ready for the Truants correction : the Maids are at milking, and the seruants at Plough, and the Wheele goes merrily, while the Mistress is by : the Capons and the Chickens must bee serued without doore, and the Hogges cry till they haue their swill : the Shepheard is almost gotten to his Fold, and the Heard beginnes to blow his horne through the Towne. The blind Fidler is vp with his dance and his song, and the Alehouse doore is vnlocked for good fellowes : the hounds begin to find after the Hare, and horse and foot follow after the cry : the Traveller now is well on his way, and if the weather be faire, he walkes with the better cheere : the Carter merrily whistles to his horse, and the Boy with his Sling casts stones at the Crowes : the Lawyer now begins to look on his Case, and if he giue good counsel, he is worthy of his Fee : In briefe, not to stay too long vpon it, I hold it the necessity of Labour, and the note of Profit. Farewell.

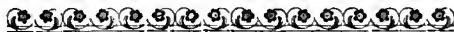
### Sixe of the Clocke.

**I**T is now the first hour, the sweet time of the Morning, and the Sunne at every window calls the Sleepers from their beds: the Marygold beginnes to open her leaucs, and the Dew on the ground doth sweeten the Ayre: the Faulconers now meet with many a faire flight, and the Hare and the Hounds haue made the Huntsman good sport: the shoppes in the City beginn to shew their wares, and the market people haue taken their places: The Schollers now haue their Fourmes, and whosoeuer cannot say his Lesson, must presently looke for Absolution: The Forester now is drawing home to his Lodge, and if his Deere be gone, hee may draw after cold scent: Now begins the curst Mistresse to put her Girles to their taskes, and a lazy Hylding will doe hurt among good Workers: Now the Mower falles to whetting of his Sythe, and the Beaters of Hempe giue a hoh to every blow: The Ale Knight is at his Cup ere hee can well see his drinke, and the begger is as nimble tong'd, as if he had beeene at it all day: The Fishermen now are at the Craier for their Oysters, and they will neuer lyn crying, while they haue one in their basket: In summe, not to be tedious, I hold it, the Sluggards shame, and the Labourers praise. Farewell.



### Seuen of the Clocke.

**I**T is now the seventh hour, and Time begins to set the world hard to worke: The Milke-maides in their Dayry to their Butter and their Cheese, the Ploughmen to their Ploughes and their Barrowes in the field: the Schollers to their Lessons, the Lawyers to their Cases, the Merchants to their accounts, the Shop-men to What lacke you? and every Trade to his business: Oh tis a world to see how life leapes about the lims of the healthfull: none but findes something to doe: the Wise, to study, the strong, to labouer: the Fantastike to make loue: the Poet, to make Verses: the Player, to conne his part: and the Musitian to try his note: every one in his qualitie, and according to his condition, sets himself to some exercise, either of the body, or the minde: And therefore since it is a time of much labour, and great vse, I will thus briefly conclude of it: I hold it the enemy of Idlenesse, and imployer of lndustry. Farewell.



### Eight of the Clocke.

**I**T is now the eight hour, and good stomackes are ready for a breakfast: The Huntsman now calls in his Houndes, and at the fall of the Deere the Hornes

goe apace: Now beginne the Horses to breathe, and the Labourer to sweat, and with quicke hands, worke rids apace: Now the Schollers make a charme in the Schooles and Ergo keepes a stirre in many a false Argument: Now the Chapmen fall to furnish the shoppes, the market people make away with their ware: The Tauerne hunters taste of the tother Wine, and the nappy Ale makes many a drunken Noll: Now the Thrasher beginnes to fall to his breakfast, and eate apace, and worke apace, riddes the Corne quickly away: Now the Piper lookes what hee hath gotten since day, and the Begger, if hee haue hit well, will bauue a pot of the best: The Traueller now begins to water his horse, and if he were earley vp, perhaps a bait will doe well. The Osteler now makes cleane his stables, and if Ghestes come in, hee is not without his welcome. In conclusion, for all I finde in it, I hold it the Mindes trauaile, and the Bodies toyle. Farewell.



### Nine of the Clocke.

**I**T is now the ny nth hour, and the Sunne is gotten vp well toward his height, and the sweating Traueller beginnes to feele the burthen of his way: The Scholler now falles to conning of his Lesson, and the Lawyer at the Barre falls to pleading of his Case: the Soldier now makes many a weary steppe in his march, and the amorous Courtier is almost ready to goo out of his Chamber: The market now growes to bee full of people, and the Shopmen now are in the heat of the market: the Faulconers now finde it too hote flying, and the Huntsmen begin to grow weary of their sport: The Byrders now take in their Nets and their Roddes, and the Fishermen send their Fish to the Market: The Tauerne and the Ale-house are almost full of Guestes, and Westminster and Guild Hall are not without a word or two on both sides: The Carriers now are loading out of Towne, and not a Letter but must bee payd for ere it passe: The Cryer now tryes the strength of his throat, and the Beareward leades his Beare home after his challenge: The Players Billes are almost all set vp, and the Clarke of the Market begins to shew his Office: In summe, in this hour there is much to doe, as well in the City, as the Countrey: And therefore to be short, I will thus make my conclusion: I hold it the toyle of Wit, and the tryall of Reason. Farewell.



### Ten of the Clocke.

**I**T is now the tenth hour, and now preparation is to hee made for dinner: The Trenchers must be scraped, and the Napkins folded, the Salt courded, and

the Knives scoured, and the cloth layed, the Stooles set ready, and all for the Table : there must bee haste in the Kitchin for the Boyd and the Roste, prouision in the cellar for Wyne, Ale, and Beere : The Pantler and the Butler must bee ready in their Office, and the Usher of the Hall must marshall the Seruингmen : The Hawke must bee set on the Pearch, and the Dogges put into the Kennell, and the Guests that come to Dinner, must bee inuited against the houre : The Schollers now fall to construe and parce, and the Lawyer makes his Clyent either a Man or a Mouse : The Chapman now draw home to their Innes, and the Shopmen fall to folding up their Wares : The Ploughman now beginnes to grow towards home, and the Dayry mayd, after her worke, falls to cleensing of her Vessells : The Cooke is cutting soppes for Broth, and the Butler is chipping of loaves for the Table : The Minstrels beginne to goe towards the Tauerne, and the Cursed Crue visit the vyle places : In summe, I thus conclude of it : I hold it the Messenger to the stomacke, and the spirits recreation. Farewell.

### Eleuen of the Clocke.

IT is now the eleuenthe houre, children must breake vp Schoole, Lawyers must make home to their houses, Merchants to the Exchange, and Gallants to the Ordinary : The Dishes set ready for the meat, and the Glasses halfe full of faire water : Now the market people make towards their Horses, and the Beggers begin to draw neere the Townes : the Porrage put off the fire, is set a cooling for the Plough folke, and the great Loafe, and the Cheese are set ready on the Table : Colledges and Halles ring to Dinner, and a Schollers Commons is soone digested : The Rich mans Guests are at Courtsey, and I thanke you : and the poore mans Feast is Welcome, and God be with you : The Page is ready with his Knife and his Trencher, and the meat will bee halfe cold, ere the Guests can agree on their places : The Cooke voides the Kitchin, and the Butler, the Buttery, and the Seruинг men stand all ready at the Dresser : the Children are called to say Grace before Dinner, and the nice people rather looke them eate : the gates bee lockt for feare of the Beggers, and the Minstrels called in, to bee ready with their Musicke : The pleasant wi is now breaking a Jest, and the hungry man puts his Jawes to their proofoe : In summe, to conclude my opinion of it, I hold it the Epicures Ioy, and the Labourers ease. Farewell.

### Twelue of the Clocke.

IT is now the twelfth Houre, the Sunne is at his height, and the middle of the day, the first course is serued in, and the second ready to follow : the dishes haue been red ouer, and the reuertion set by : the wine beginnes to be

called for, and who waits not is chidden : talke passeth away time, and when stomackes are full, discourses grow dull and heauy : But after Fruit and Cheese, say Grace and take away : Now the Markets are done, the Exchange broke vp, and the Lawyers at Dinner, and Duke Humphreys seruants make their walkes in *Paulers*, the Shop men keepe their shops, and their seruants goe to dinner : the traveller begins to call for a reckoning, and goes into the stable to see his Horse eat his prouender : The Plough man now is in the bottom of his Dish, and the Laborer drawes out his Dinner out of his Bagge : The Beasts of the field take rest after their feed, and the Birds of the Ayre are at Juke in the Bushes : The Lambe lies sucking, while the Ewe chewes the Cud, and the Rabbet will scarce peepe out of her Borough : the Hare sits close asleepe in her muse, while the Dogges sit waiting for a bone from the Trencher : In briefe, for all I find of it, I thus conclude in it : I hold it the stomacks pleasure, and the spirits wearines. Farewell.

### Midnight.

NOW is the Sunne withdrawne into his Bedchamber, the Windowes of Heauen are shut vp, and silence with darknesse haue made a walke over the whole Earth, and Time is tasked to worke vpon the worst Actions : yet Vertue being her selfe, is neuer weary of well doing, while the best spirits are studying for the bodies rest : Dreames and Visions are the Haunters of troubled spirits, while Nature is most comforted in the hope of the morning : the body now lyes as a dead lump, while sleepe, the pride of ease, lulls the Senses of the Sloathfull : the tired Limbs now cease from their labours, and the studious braines gine ouer their busynesse : the Bed is now an image of the Graue, and the Prayer of the Faithful makes the Pathway to Heauen : Louers now enclose a mutuall content, while gracious minds haue no wicked imaginacions : Theeuves, Wolues, and Foxes, now fall to their pray, but, a strong locke, and a good wit, will aware much mischiefe : and he that trusteth in God will be safe from the Deuill. Farewell.

### The Conclusion.

AND thus to conclude, for that it growes late, and a nod or two with an heauy eye, makes me feare to proue a plaine Noddy, entreating your patience till to morrow, and hoping you will censure mildly of this my Fantastick Labour, wishing I may hereafter please your senses with a better subiect then this ; I will in the meane time pray for your prosperity, and end with the English Phrase, God gine you good night.

FINIS.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

**EPISTLE-DEDICATORY.**—Sir Marke Ive was among the large batch of knights created 23d July 1603, before the coronation of King James I.; he was son of John Ive and Frances, his wife,—the latter, buried at Boxted, Essex, having died 6th August 1597. Riuers Hall was alienated to the Baynings. See our Memorial-Introduction.

**LOVE.**—(l. 14) ‘*baseth*’ = debaseth : (l. 18) ‘*cracke*’ = flaw. So Shakespeare, *frequenter*.

**THE SPRING.**—(l. 3) ‘*reflexion*’ = reflection : (l. 10) ‘*nocke*’ = knock.

**SUMMER.**—(l. 4) ‘*her*:’ usually the singing nightingale is called male; but in Barnfield, and elsewhere, both male and female : (l. 7) ‘*consort*’ = concert : (l. 9) ‘*run at base*’ = the game of prisoner’s-bars. See Strutt, s. v. : (l. 16) ‘*merline*’ = a small hawk. Cf. JULY (l. 10); (l. 23) ‘*forehorse*’ = foremost horse in a team.

**HARVEST.**—(l. 20) ‘*Rowen-taild*’ = sprouting, or short. ‘*Rowen*’ is a field kept up till after Michaelmas, that the corn left in the ground may sprout (Tusser) : (l. 20) ‘*Retriner*’ = a kind of dog that recovers game sprung or shot.

**WINTER.**—(l. 15) ‘*Machiavili*’ = Machiavelli,—long a synonym for (almost) Satan himself.

**JANUARY.**—(l. 9) ‘*during*’ = enduring, lasting : (l. 12) ‘*Pantler*’ = panter (*pantier*, Fr.), the officer who has charge of the bread in a great house. So Shakespeare: ‘call me pantler and bread-chipps’ (2 Henry IV, ii. 4); ‘et alibi.’ (l. 14) ‘*borough*’ = burrow : (l. 15) ‘*Currier*’ = quarer,—a light formed by sticking a wick into a lump of wax (or tallow), and the refereece to snaring birds by lanthorn lights and nets (see Browne, etc.): ‘*Lime-rod*’ = twig with bird-line on it to catch birds : (l. 30) ‘*Muscovia*’ = Russia, as in Milton : (l. 36) ‘*shooing-horne*’ = a horn for more easily drawing on shoes: here a preparative for drinking, i.e. after the salt bacon.

**FEBRUARY.**—(l. 2) ‘*Cooke-stride*’ = short step or measure toward the zenith : (l. 4) ‘*Paddocke*’ = a large toad or frog, the ‘frog-paddock’ of Isaac Walton, later: (l. 5) ‘*Makes*’ = mates : (l. 10) ‘*makes the chalke walke apace*’ = increases the score or debt marked with ‘chalk’ on the back of the ale-house door.

**MARCH.**—(l. 8) ‘*the Adder dyes*’ an old superstitious belief often found in the poets on to Herbert: (l. 17) ‘*mew*’ = coop or cage.

**APRIL.**—(l. 2) ‘*her*.’ Cf. SUMMER (l. 4) and relative note : (l. 7) ‘*Sammon*’ = salmon : Fr. *saumon*. Cf. ‘*samman*’ in EASTER DAY (l. 5, 6); (l. 10, 11) ‘*Cosset lamb*’ = a lamb brought up by hand instead of by its dam: (l. 14) ‘*Porpas*’ = porpoise : (l. 19) ‘*Sheepes eyes*’ = wanton looks in young maidens.

**MAY.**—(l. 4) ‘*Veluet head*’ = incipient horns of a stag : (l. 5) ‘*Agged*’ = young-full,—from *ag*, to carry, if it be not a misprint for bagged, which is a common colloquialism for the effective result of intercourse : (l. 6) ‘*mew*.’ See MARCH (l. 17); (l. 29) ‘*Pescod*’ = pea-shell, or peas in the pod.

**JUNE.**—(l. 4) ‘*Forke and the Rake*’ = male and female reapers : (l. 9) ‘*Faukon and the Tassell*’ = the falcon wearing its ornaments : (l. 14) ‘*greene apples*,’ etc. = maternal longings for, while *enceinte*.

**JULY.**—(l. 9) ‘*Horner*’ = dealer in horns: (l. 10) ‘*Sparhawk*,’ etc. Cf. EASTER DAY (l. 15); (l. 11) ‘*borough*’ = burrow. See JANUARY (l. 14).

**AUGUST.**—(l. 14) ‘*Cockes*,’ viz., in betting at cock-fights : (l. 19) ‘*Furmenty*,’ also ‘frumenty’ and ‘furmetty’ = hulled wheat boiled in milk and seasoned.

**SEPTEMBER.**—(l. 18) ‘*Poulters*’ = poulters : (l. 19) ‘*Wal-slet*’ evidently some locally famous oyster : (l. 22) ‘*Porkets*’ = young hogs.

**OCTOBER.**—(l. 6) ‘*leapes*’ = weals to catch fish : (l. 21) ‘*Baloune*’ = balloon-play. See Strutt, s. v., and so too (l. 22) ‘*bandy*,’—both games.

**NOVEMBER.**—(l. 6) ‘*moyled*’ = toiled : (l. 7) ‘*Herne*’ = heron : (l. 7) ‘*Shoulerd*,’ or ‘*shoulere*,’—a bird, the shoveller : (l. 9) ‘*Cockeshoot*’ = net to shut in and catch woodcocks : (l. 9) ‘*Warriners*’ = keepers of warrens : (l. 11) ‘*Confitmaker*’ = confectioner, or sweet-meats maker : (l. 20) ‘*Goshanke*’ = a kind of hawk used in hunting : (l. 21) ‘*Mallard*’ = wild drake.

**DECEMBER.**—(l. 12) ‘*Tiremakers*’ = head-dress makers : (l. 20) ‘*Tapster*’ = drawer of beer in an ale-house : (l. 25) ‘*Starchers and Launderers*’ = females of the laundry.

**CHRISTMAS DAY.**—(l. 13) ‘*Pit-falles*’ = snares : (l. 17) ‘*Mummer*’ = fantastically dressed performers, as at Christ-mas,—wearers of masks, etc.

**LENT.**—(l. 1) ‘*Stockfish*,’—a kind of salted and dried fish : (l. 19) ‘*Scounce*’ = fort, or block-house, or defence : (l. 22) ‘*mewed*’ = moulting.

**GOOD FRIDAY.**—(l. 8) ‘*prickes*’ = skewers : (l. 9) ‘*Poulters*’ See SEPTEMBER (l. 18); (l. 13) ‘*Launderers*’ = launderers or laundresses. See DECEMBER (l. 25).

**EASTER DAY.**—(l. 1) ‘*Jacke of Lent*’ = puppets thrown at during Lent : (l. 4) ‘*veluet heads*.’ See MAY (l. 4); (l. 15) ‘*Sparhawk*,’ So Humphrey Gifford in his ‘*Posie of Gillo-flowers*’ (p. 59):—One of them demanded of him what bird it was he carried on his fist? He answered, a Sparhawk. And to what end (quoth he) doe yee keepe her? Quoth the gentleman, shee is a birde greedy at her pray, and I keepe her to kill Partridge with, which is a great bird and delicate in tast’ (l. 15); (l. 21) ‘*troule*’ = roll, or wander.

**MORNING.**—(l. 29) ‘*Diall of Alexander*:’ unknown to the Editor.

**TWO OF THE CLOCHE.**—(l. 7) ‘*huggle*’ = diminutive of hug.

**THREE OF THE CLOCHE.**—(l. 19) ‘*by great*’ = by quantity instead of daily wage.

**FOURE OF THE CLOCHE.**—(l. 13) ‘*Ayry*’ = eyry or nest.

**SIXE OF THE CLOCHE.**—(l. 14) ‘*Hylding*’ = idle jade or hinder-ling : (l. 20) ‘*Craier*’ = crier : (l. 21) ‘*lyn*’ = lin, cease.

**EIGHT OF THE CLOCHE.**—(l. 11) ‘*Noll*’ = simpleton. Cf. THE CONCLUSION (l. 3).

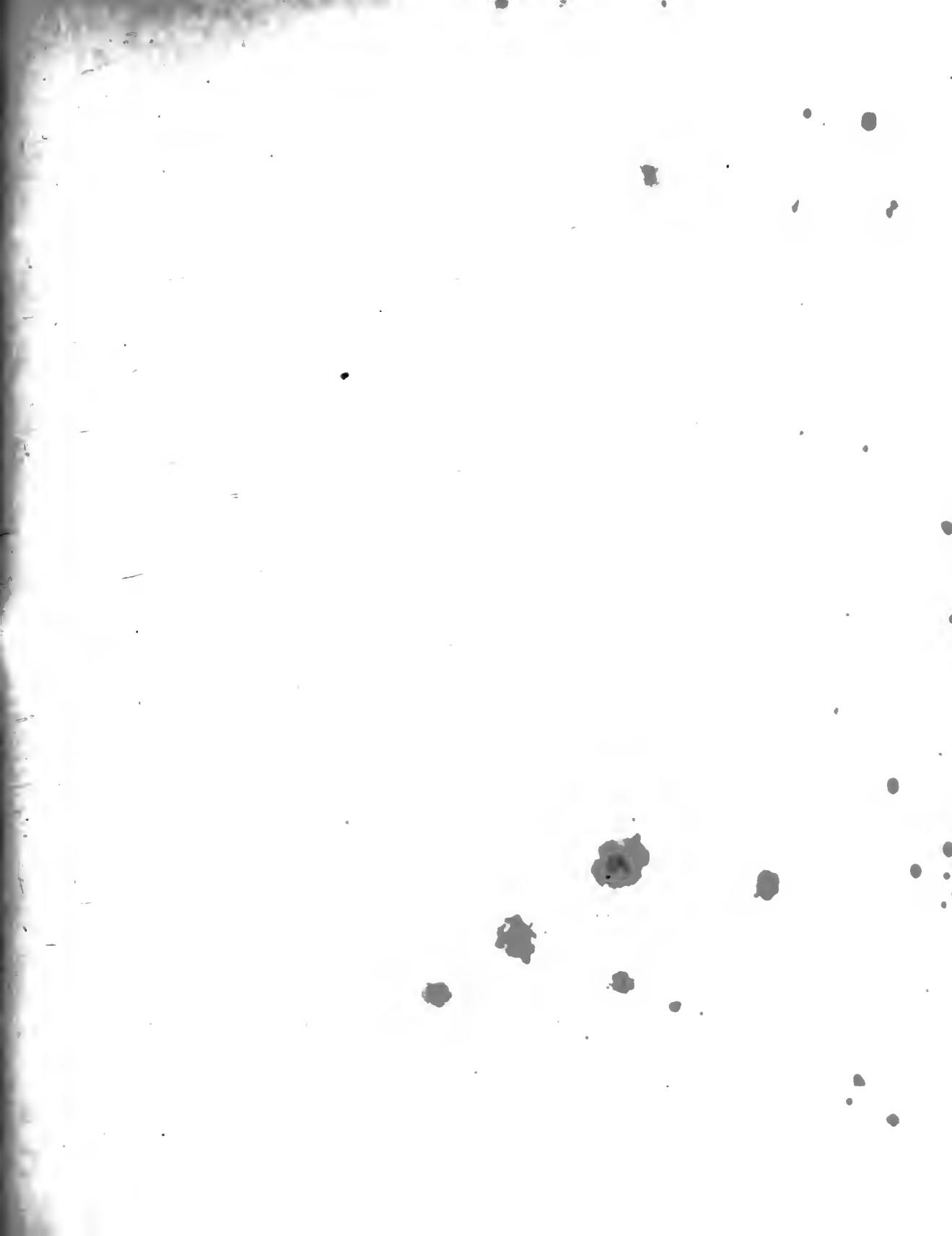
**NINE OF THE CLOCHE.**—(l. 12) ‘*Byrders*’ = snarers of birds : (l. 19) ‘*Beareward*’ = keeper of bears.

**TEN OF THE CLOCHE.**—(l. 7) ‘*Pantler*’ See JANUARY (l. 12); (l. 14) ‘*Mouse*’ = nothing at all.

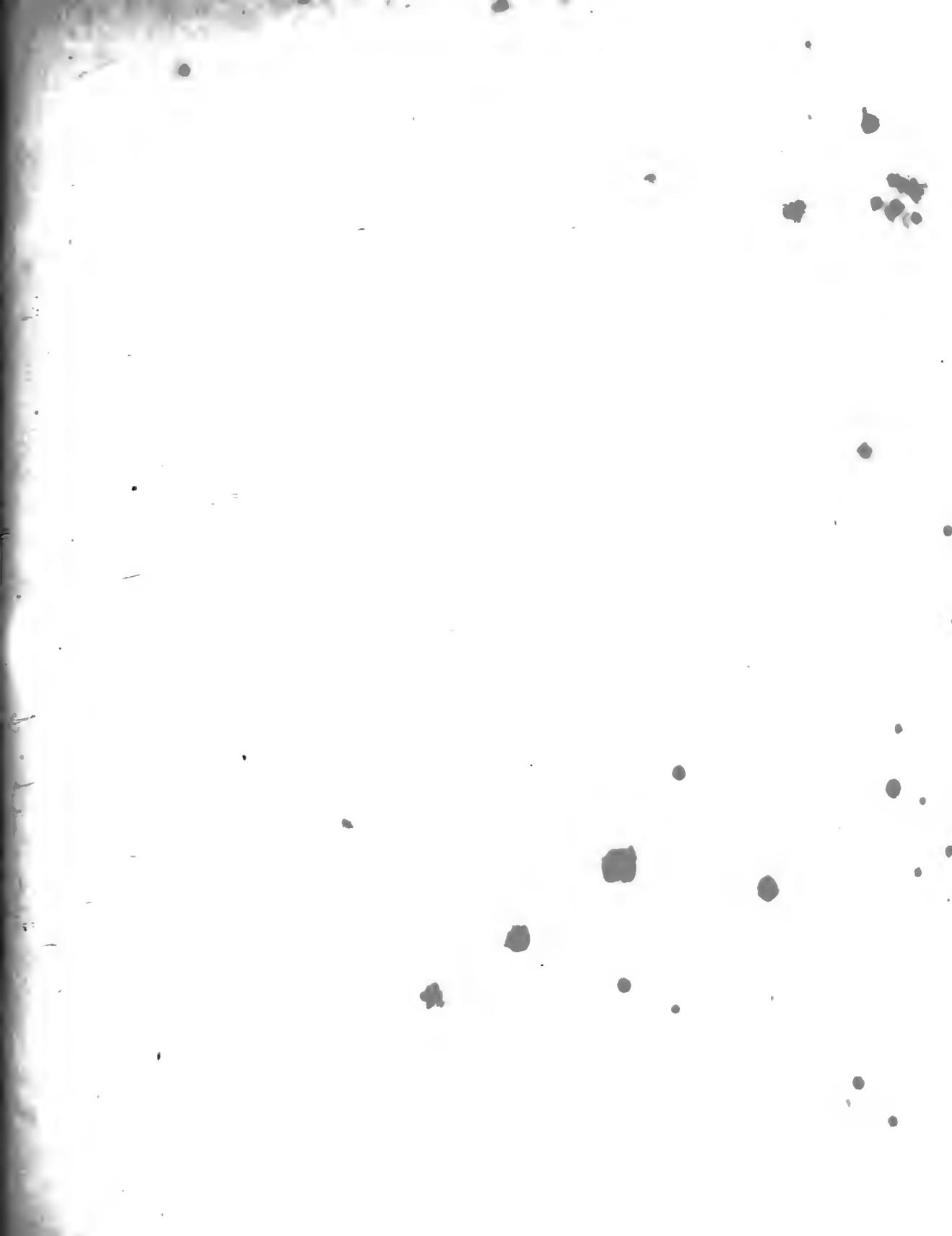
**ELEVEN OF THE CLOCHE.**—(l. 15) ‘*voide*’ = vacates.

**TWELFE OF THE CLOCHE.**—(l. 10) ‘*Duke Humphreys seruants*.’ So Hutton in ‘*Satires and Epigrams*’ (1619), ‘Dine with Duke Humfrey in decayed Paules’ (see also Donne) = go without dinner by walking up and down St. Paul’s: (l. 17) ‘*at Juke*’ = on the perch: (l. 19) ‘*borough*’ = burrow, as before: (l. 20) ‘*muse*’ = hole in a hedge.

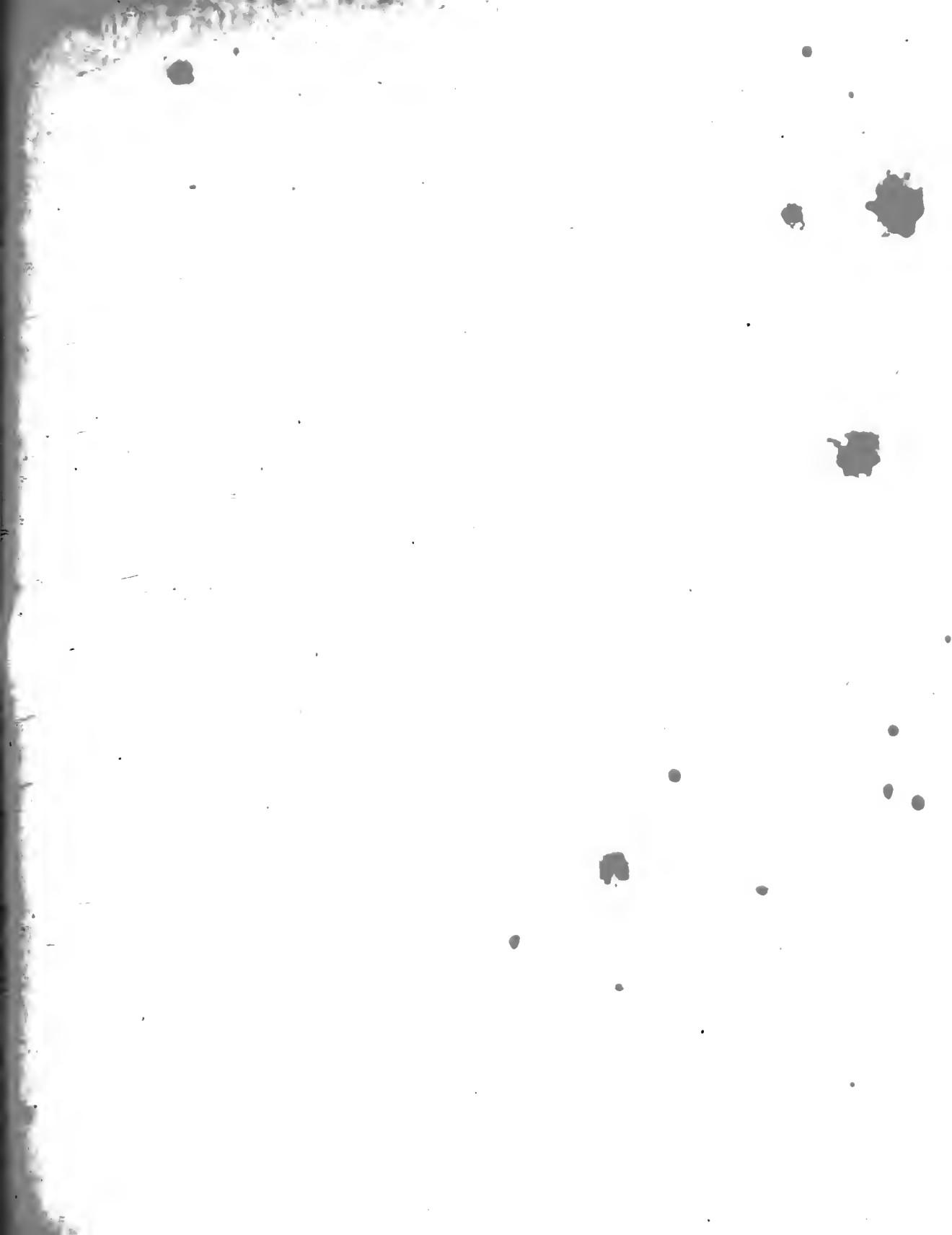
**THE CONCLUSION.**—(l. 3) ‘*Noddy*’ = simpleton.—G.

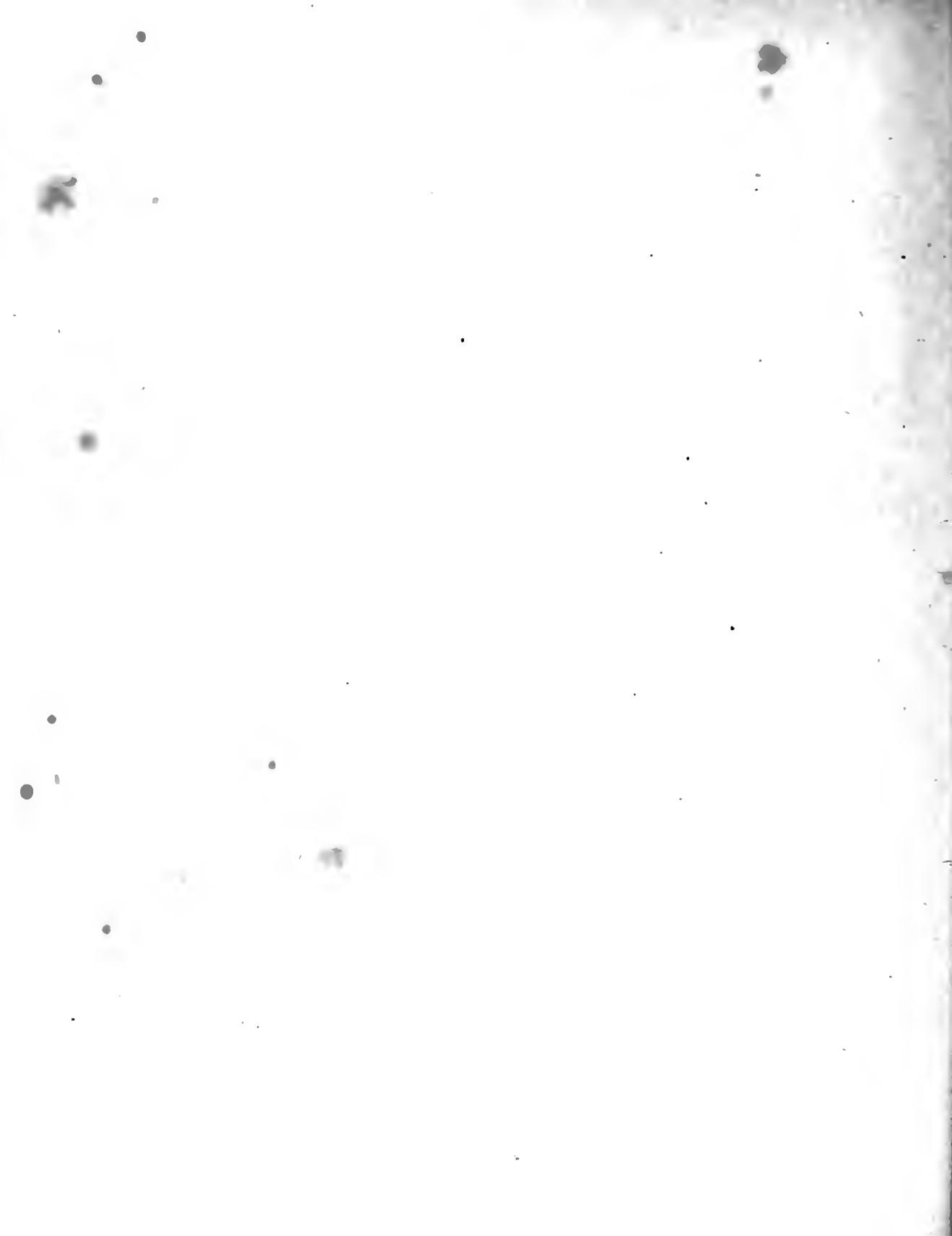


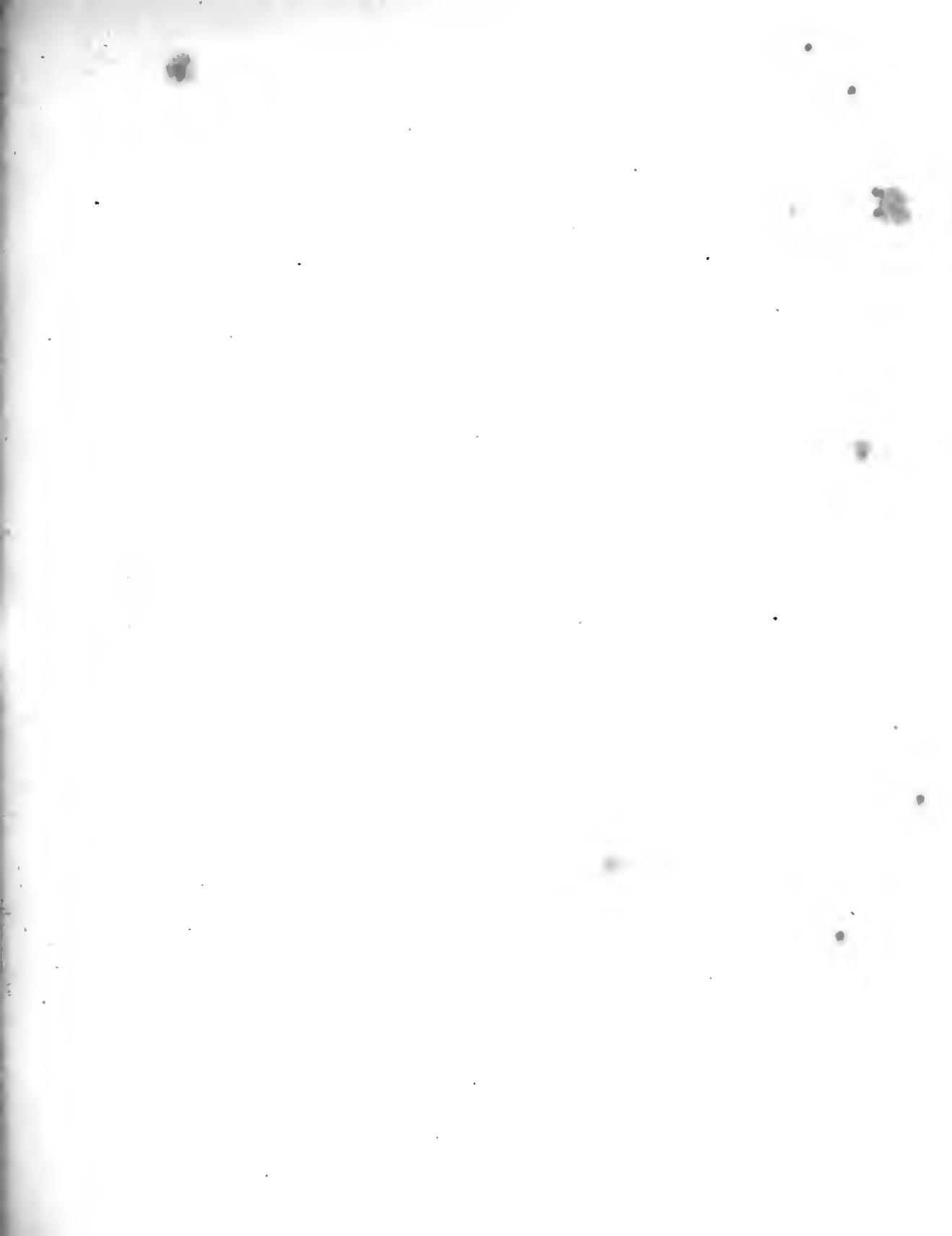


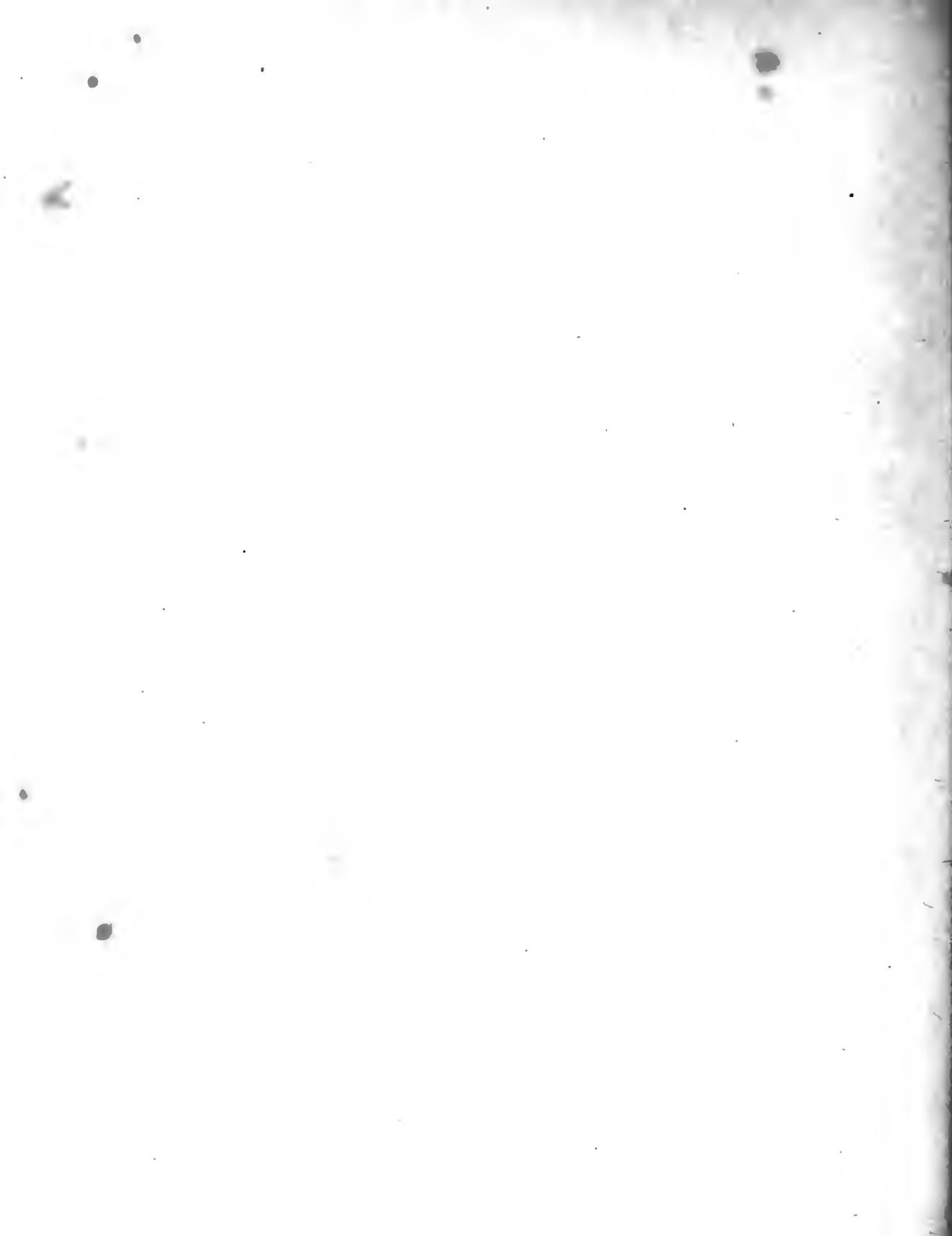


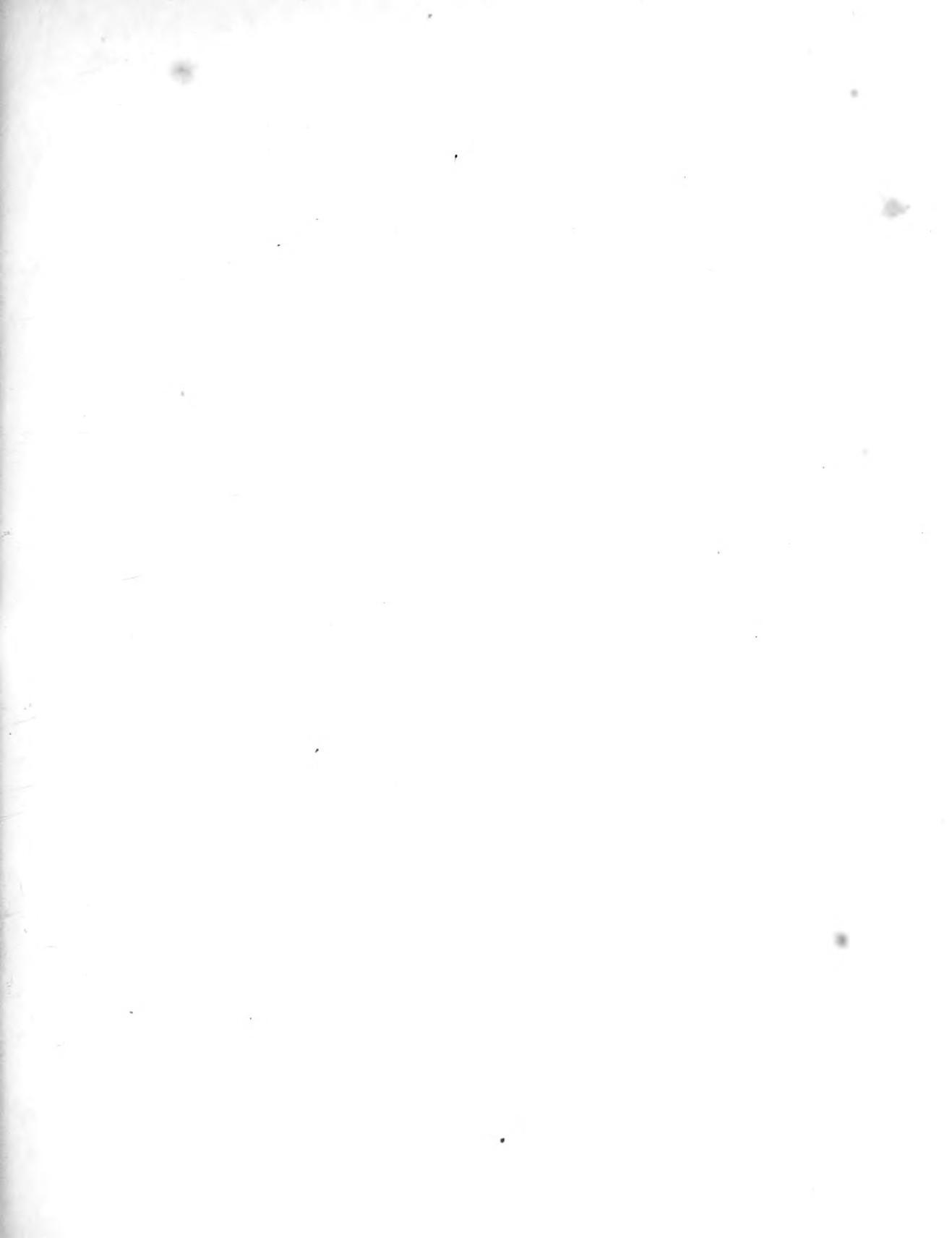


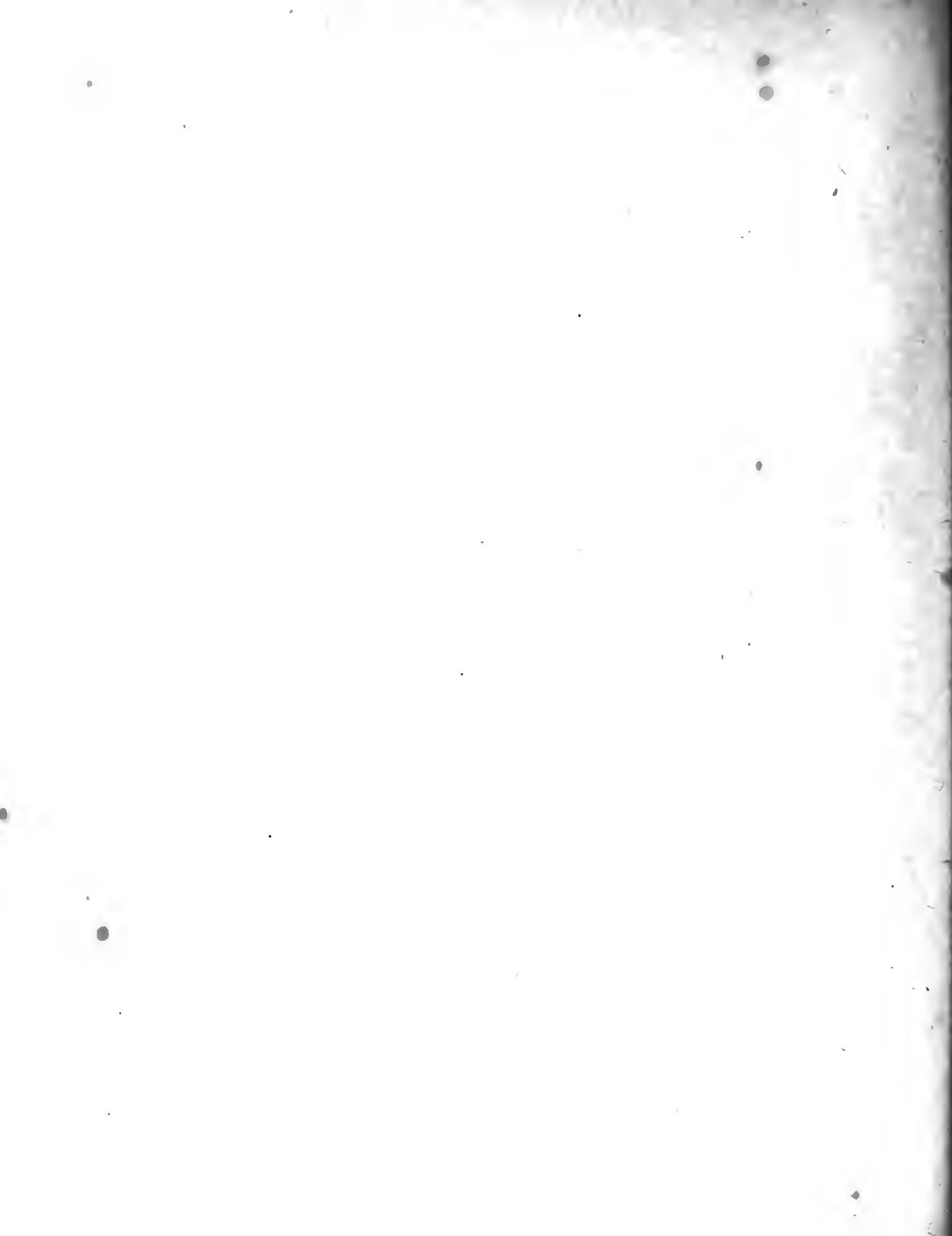


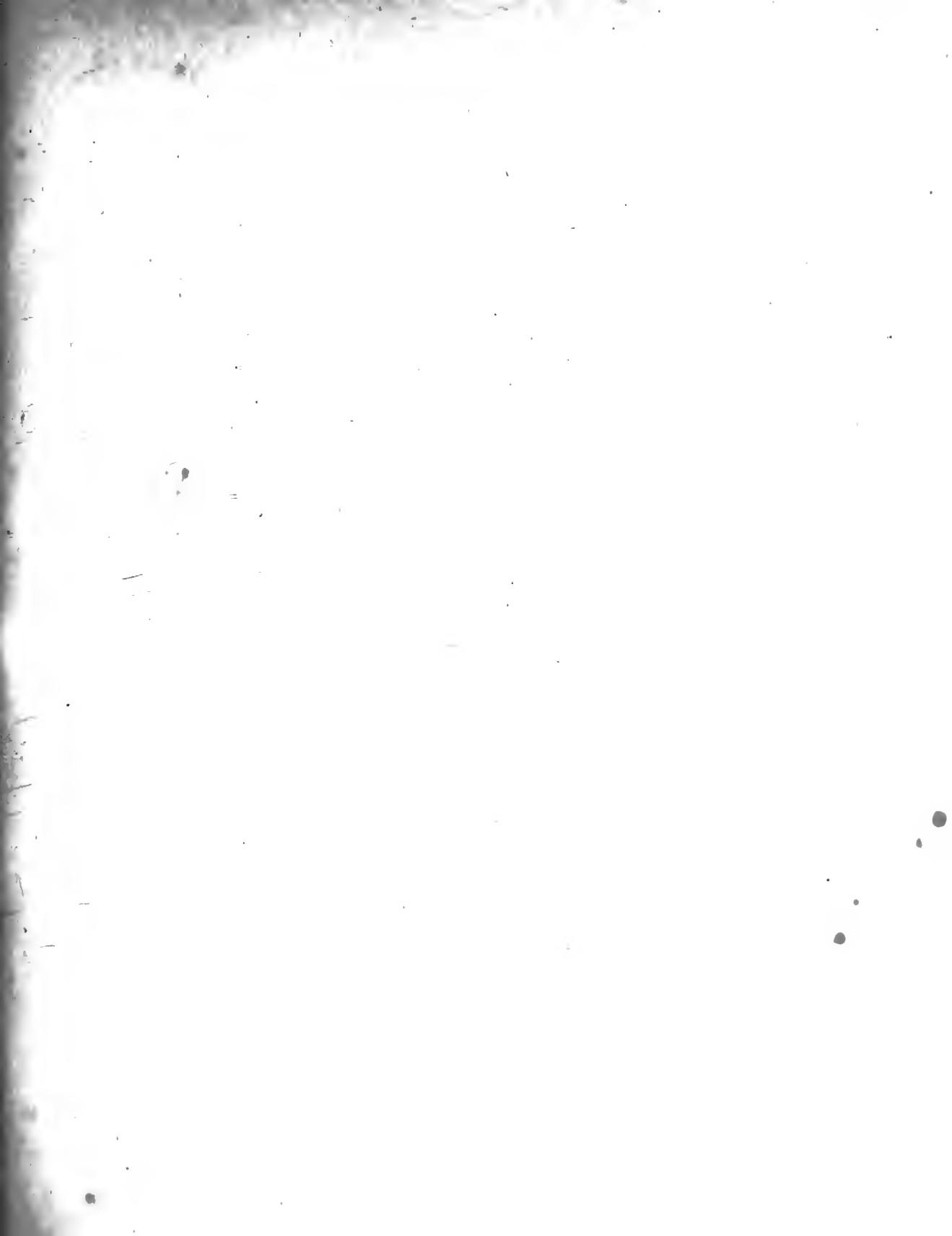


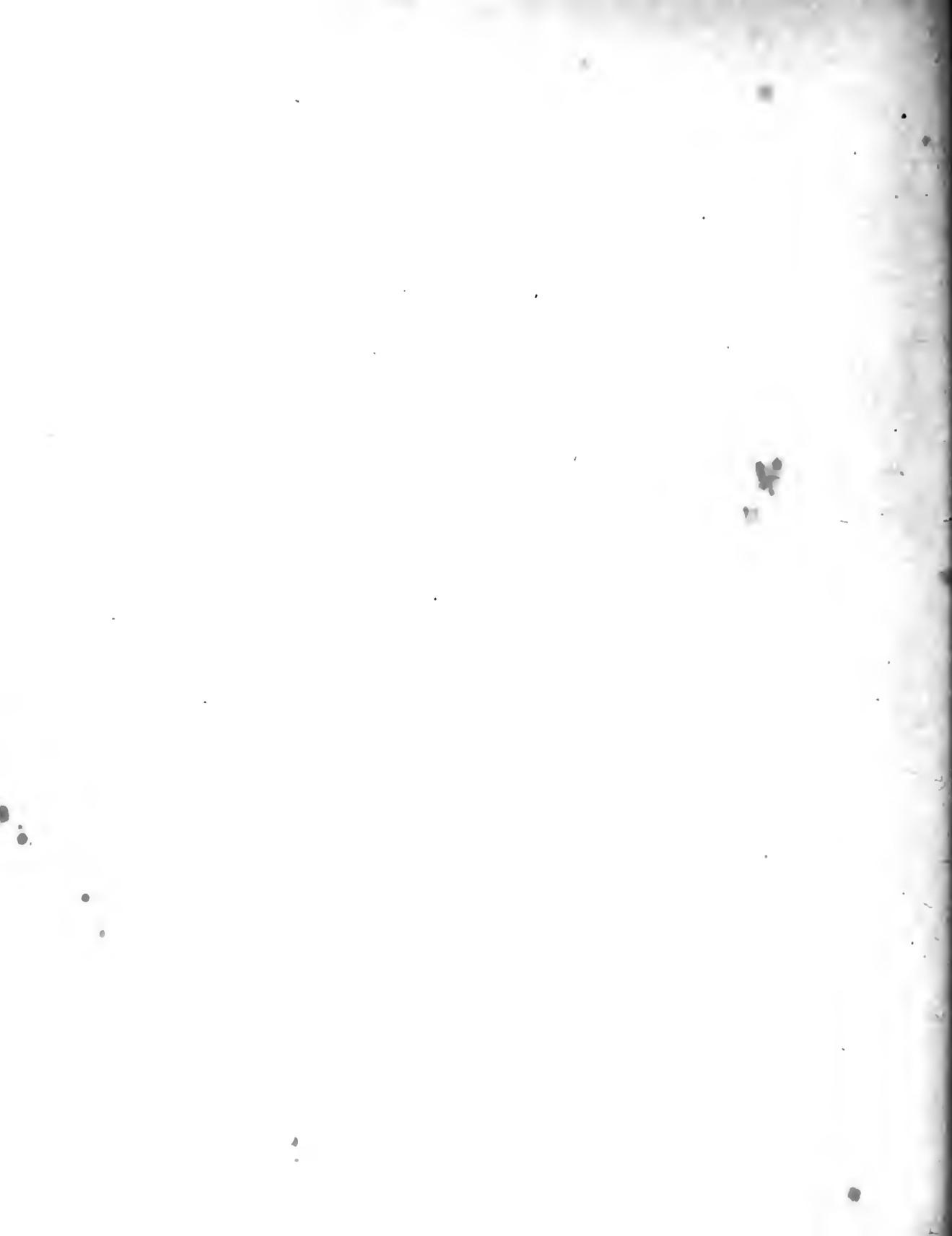


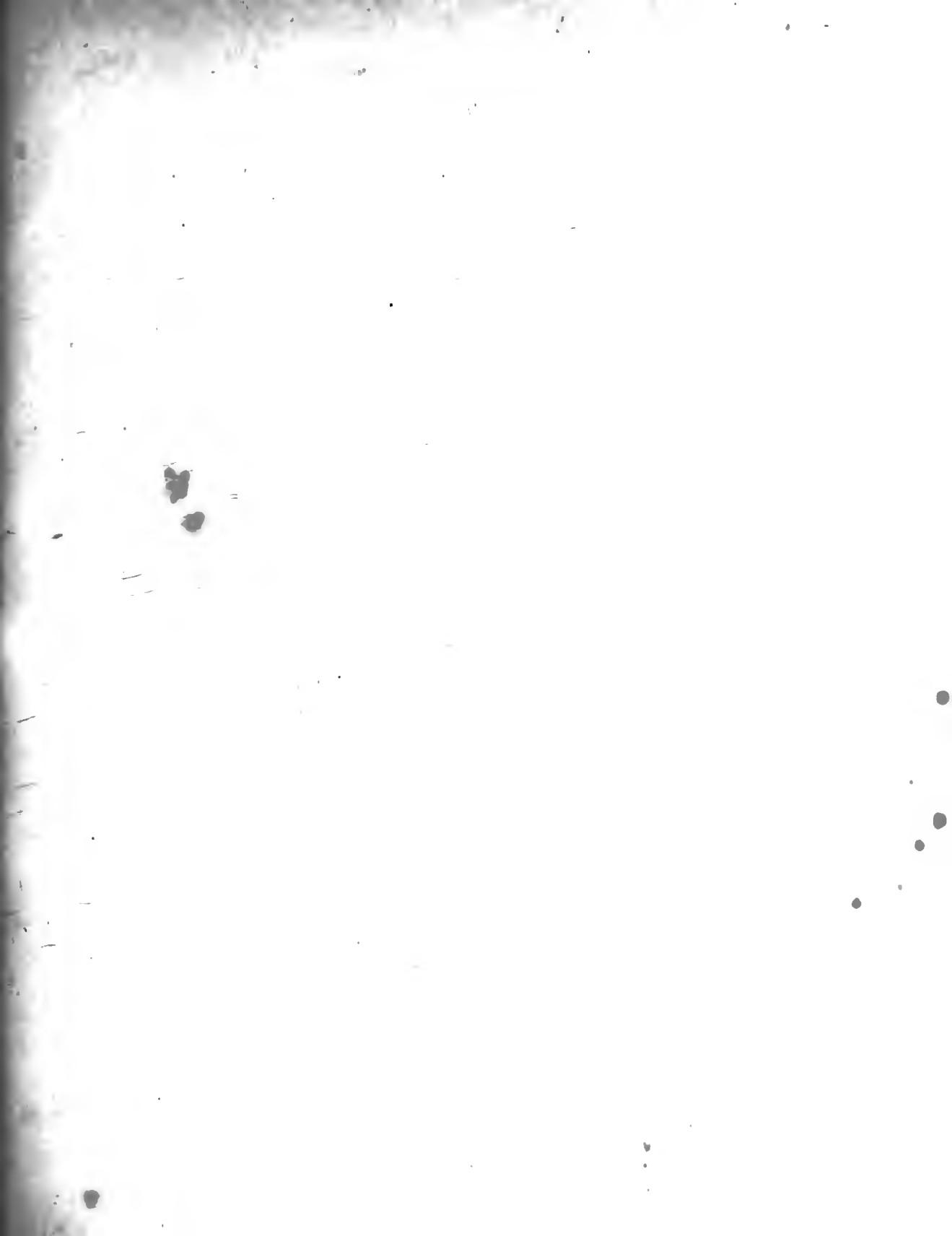




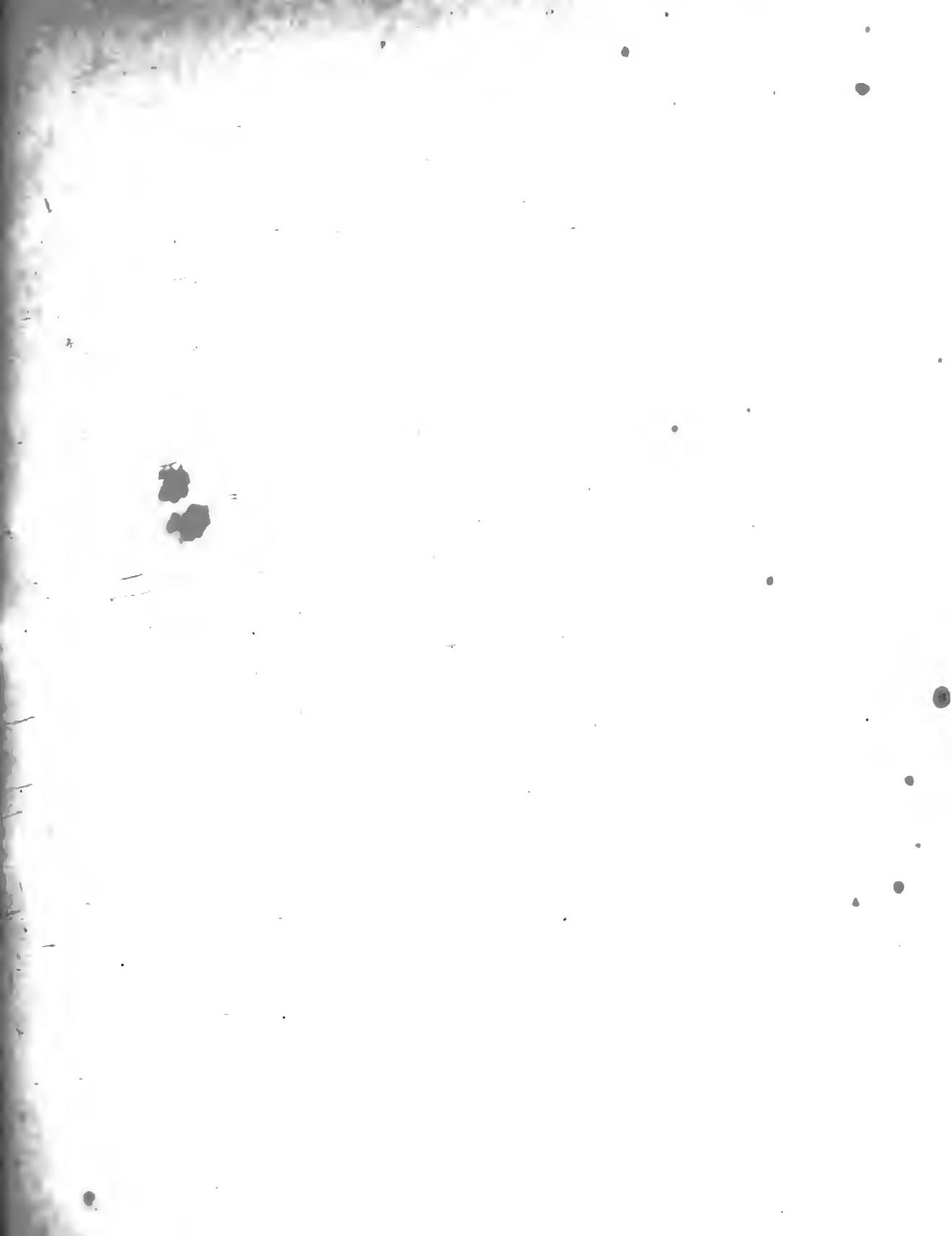




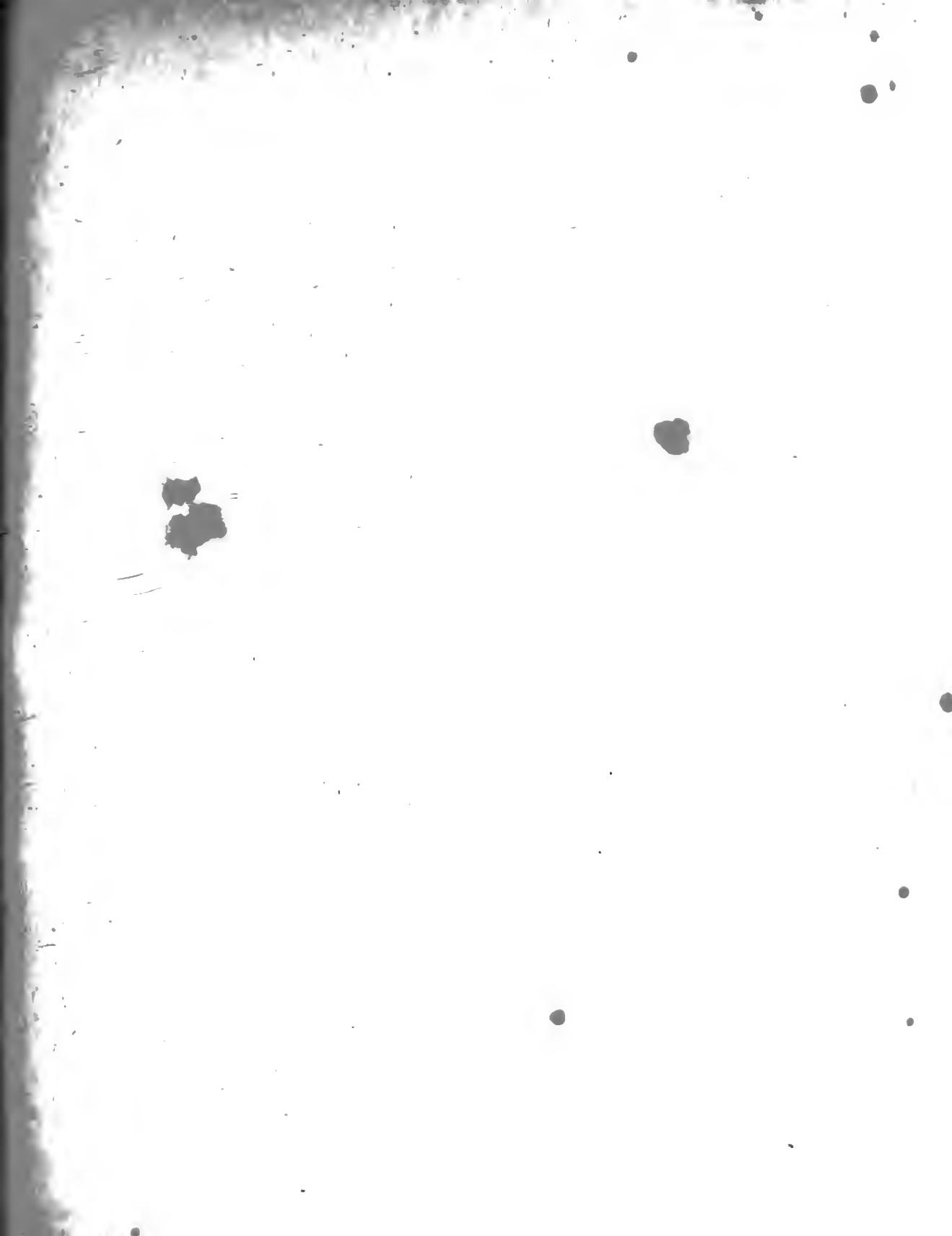


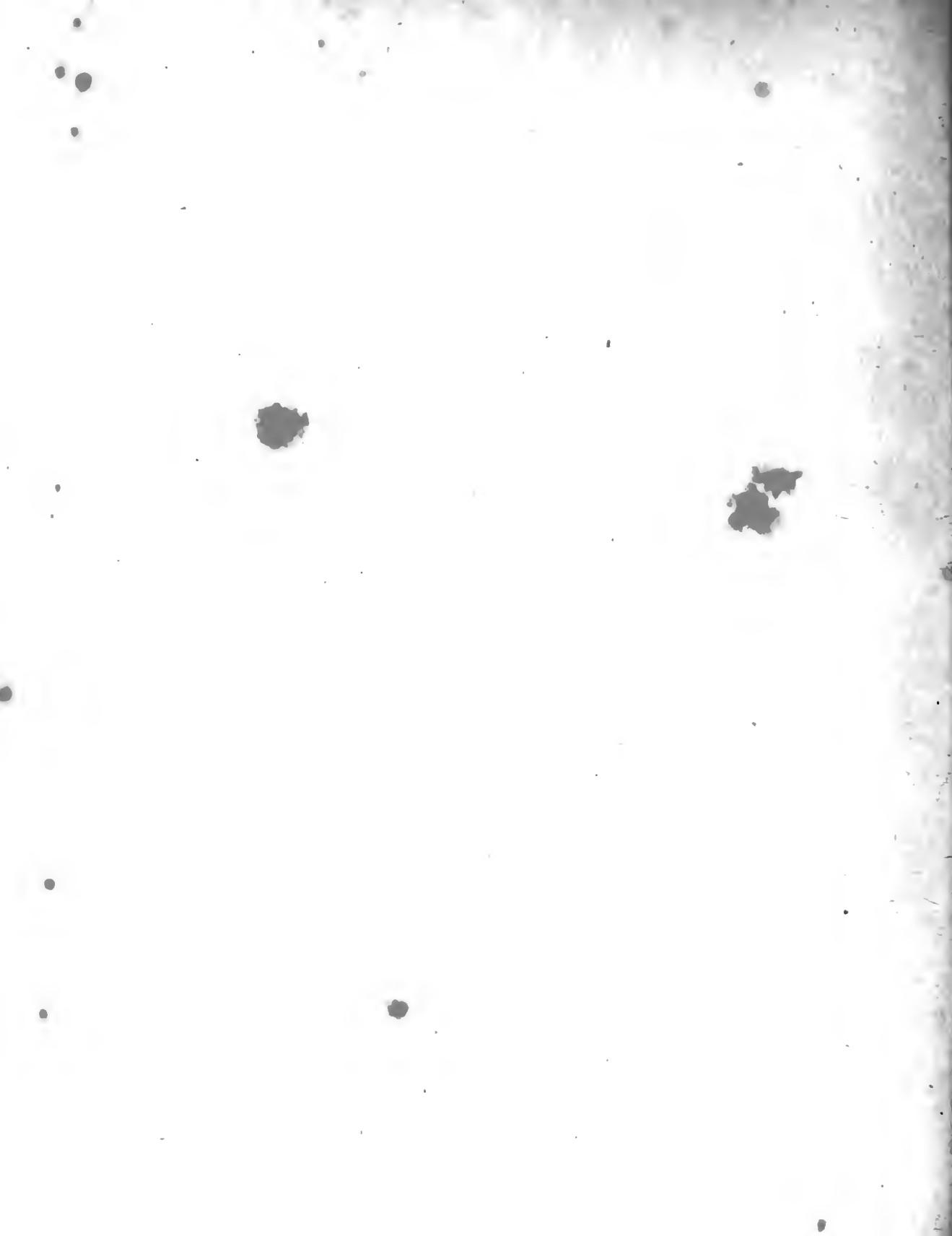


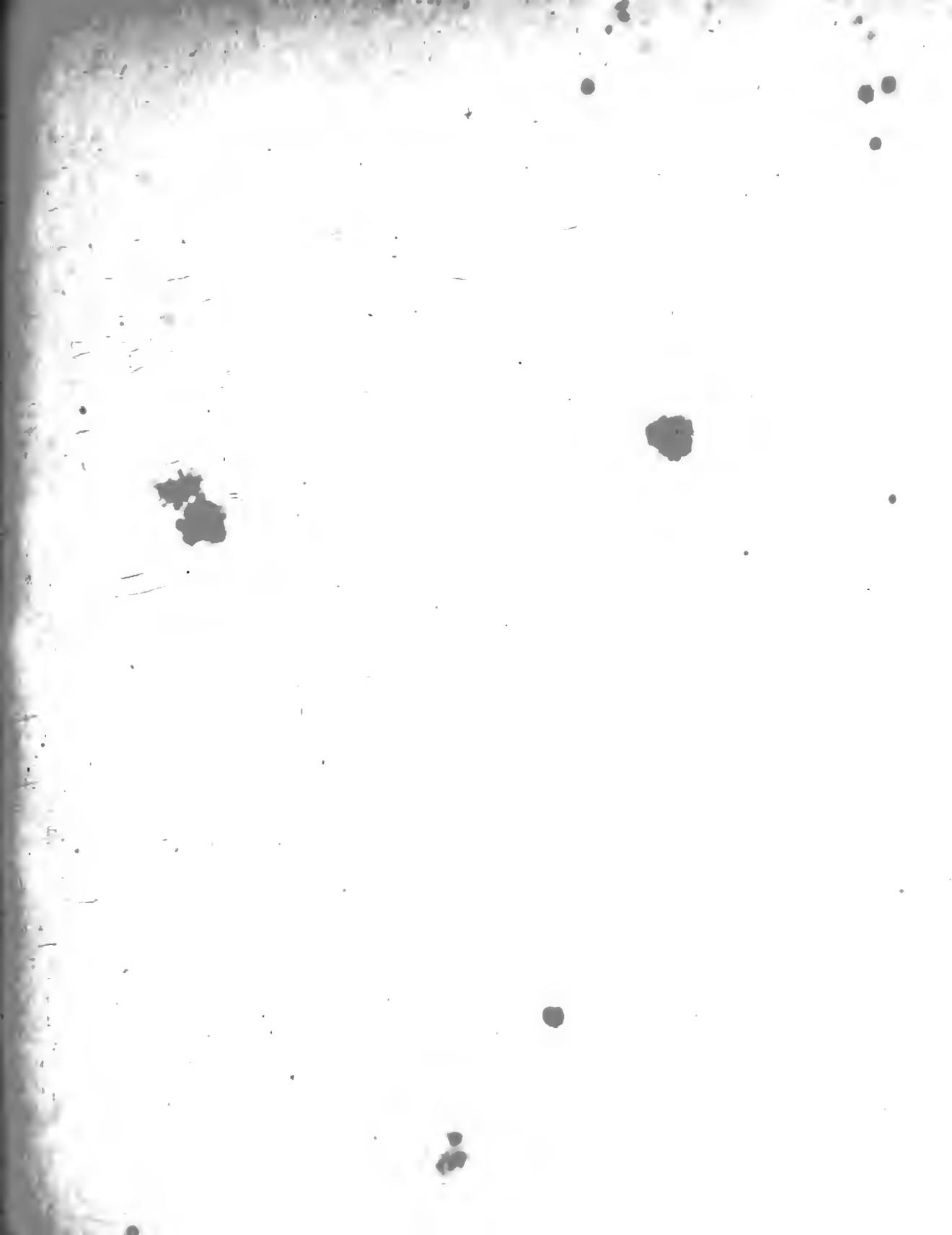
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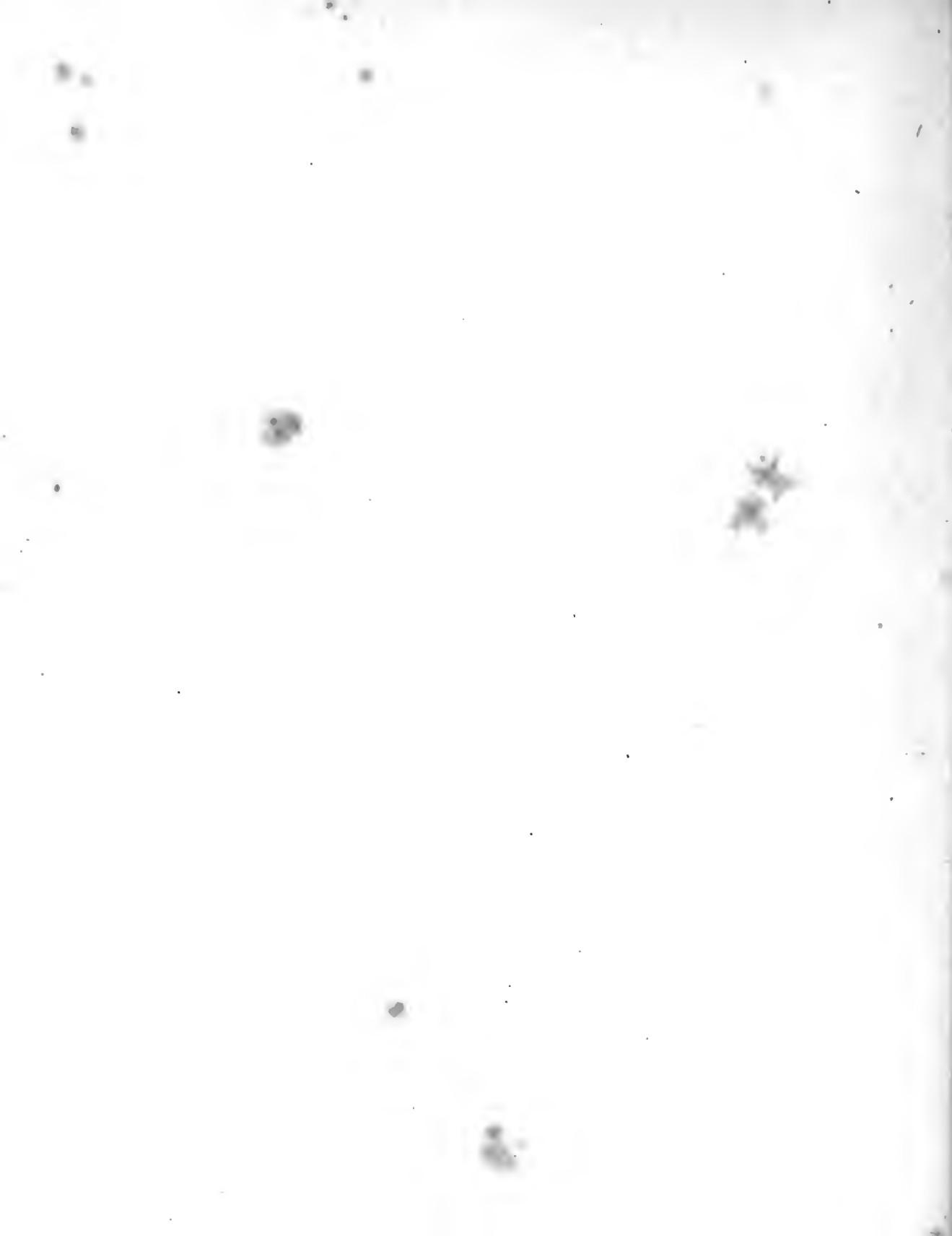


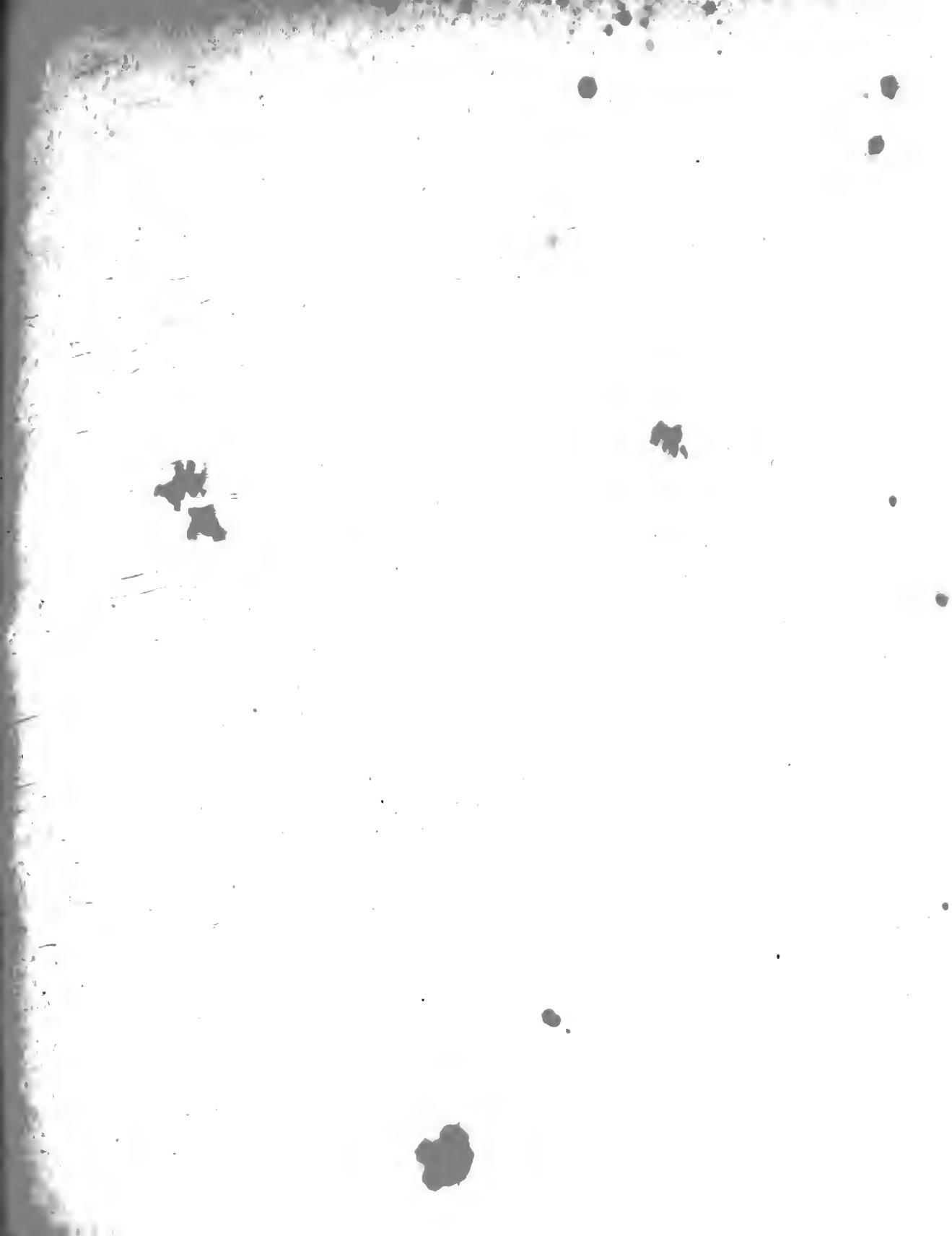










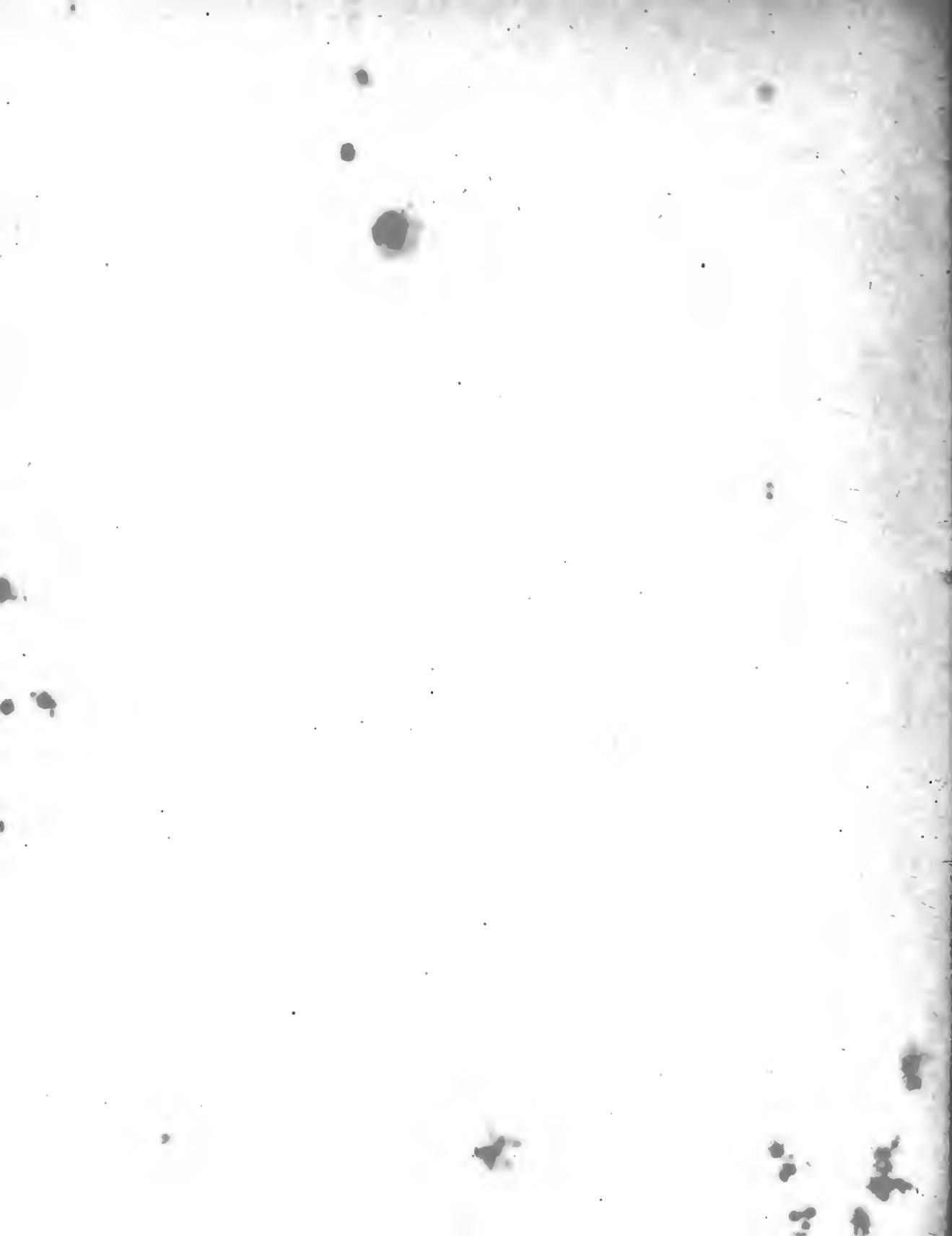


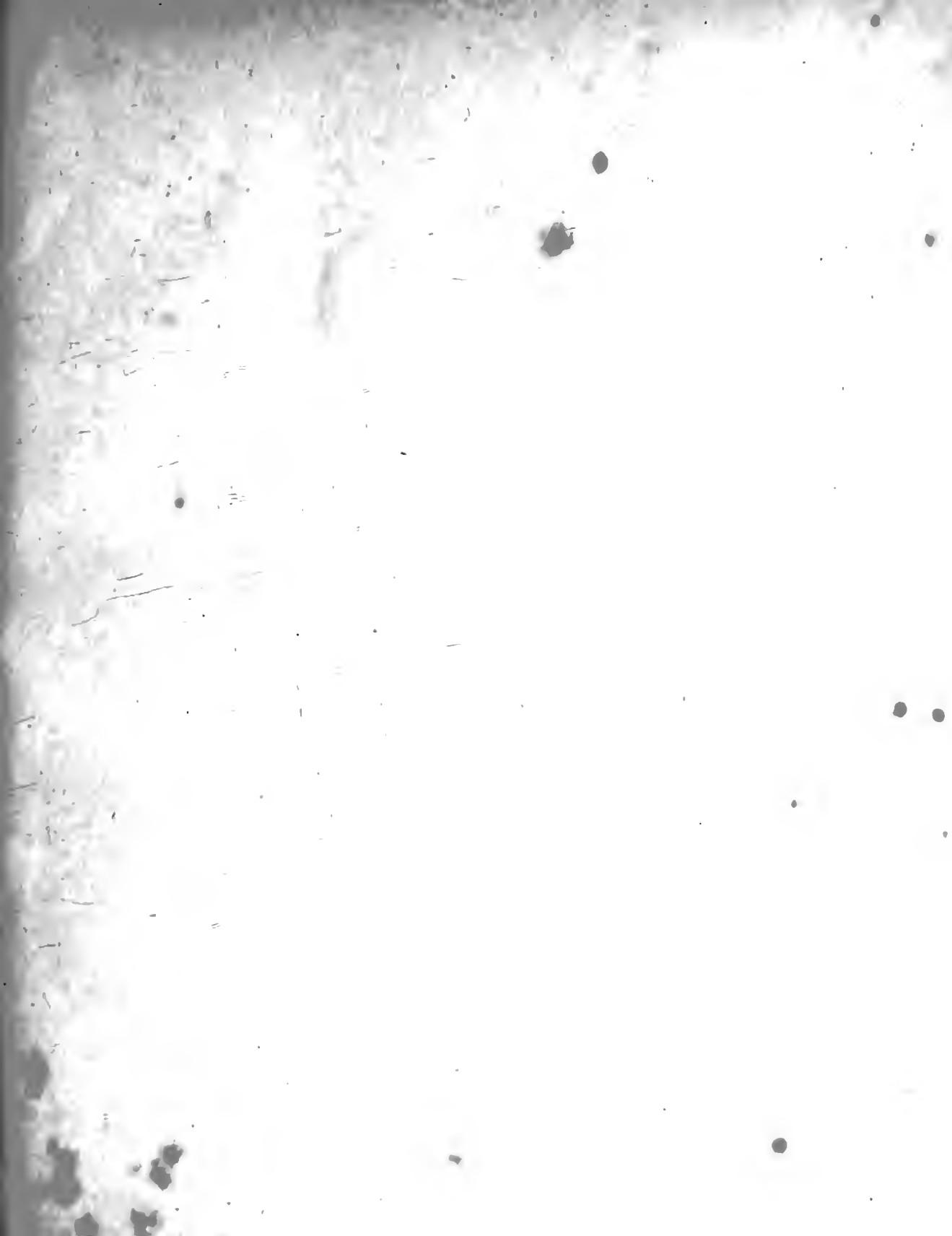


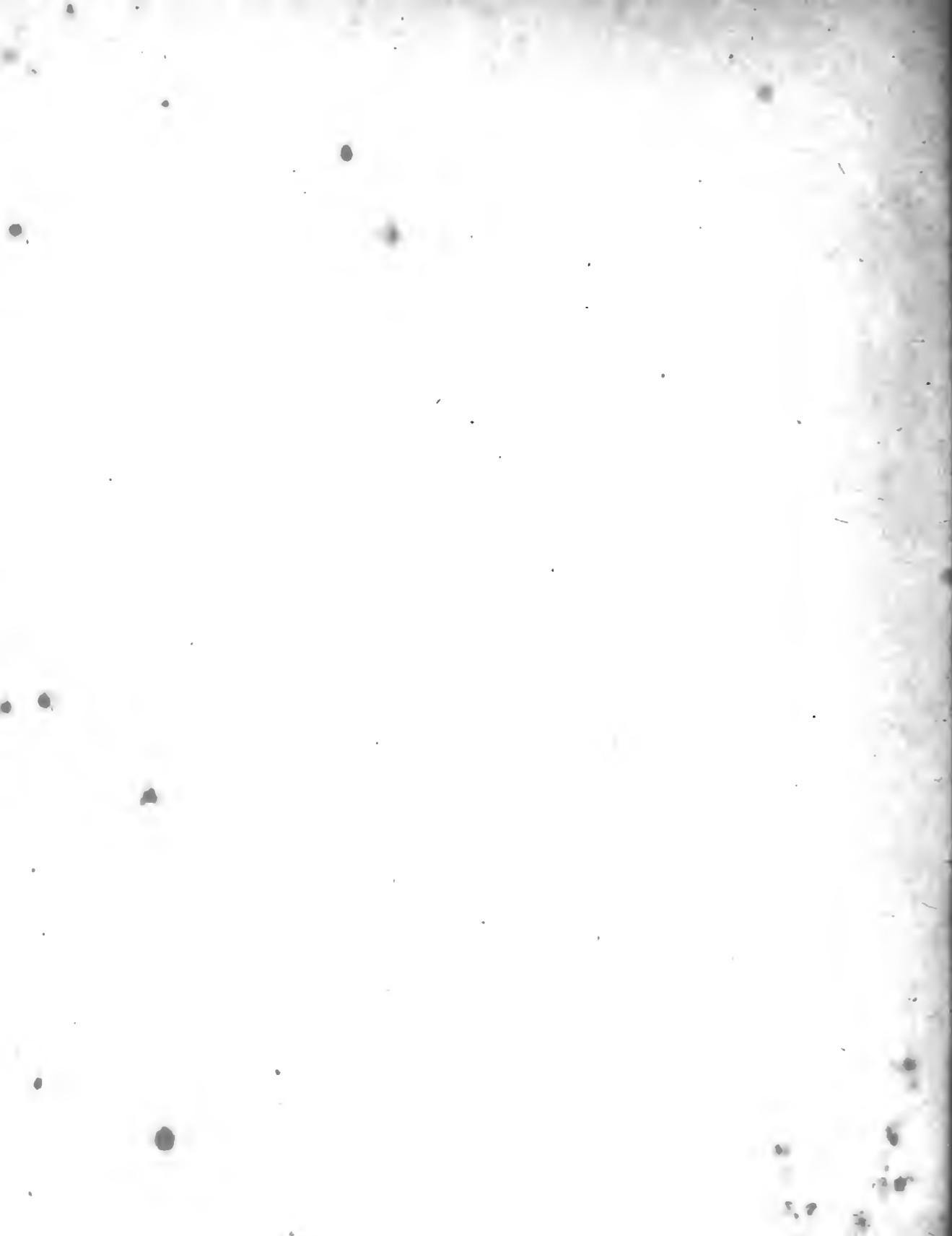


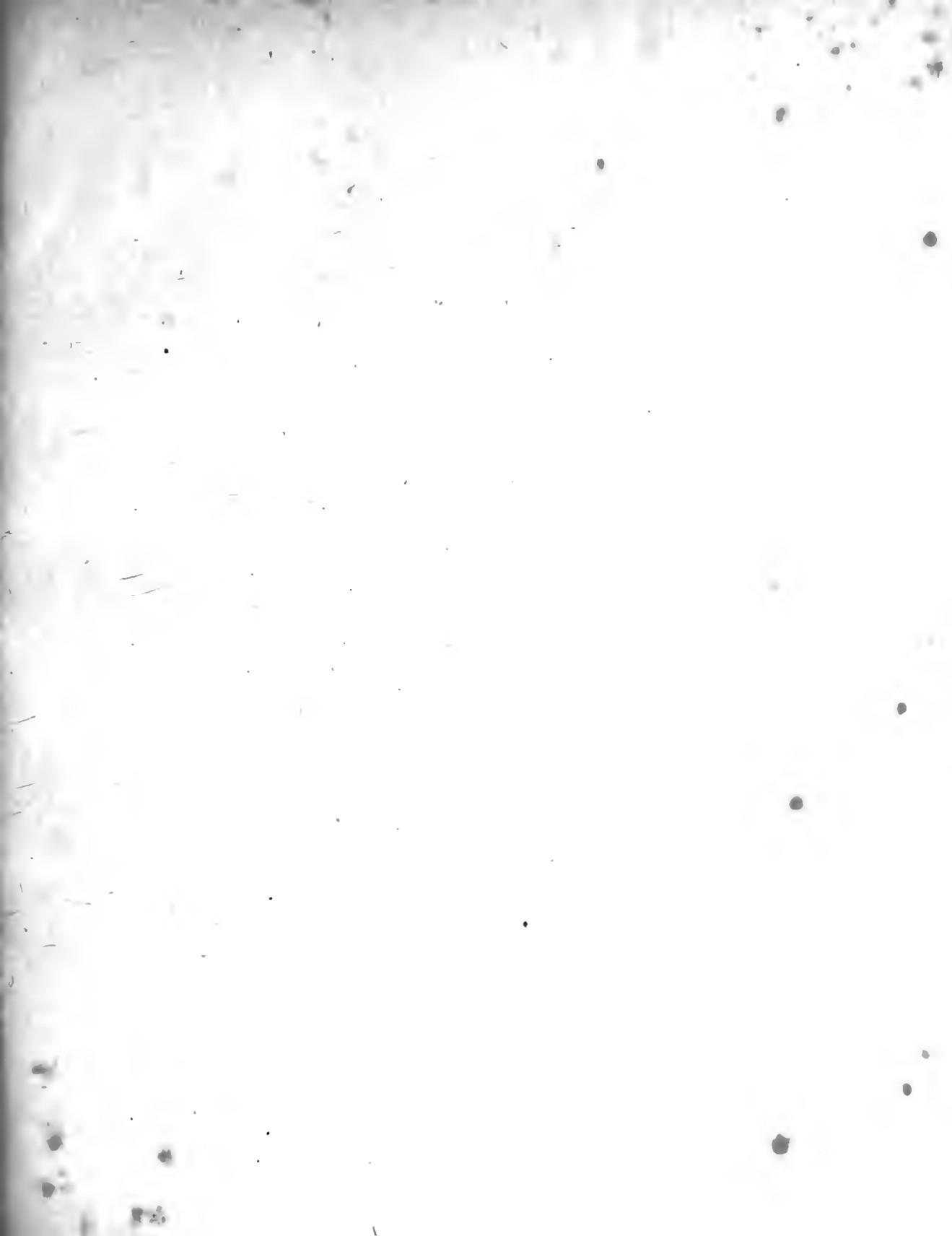


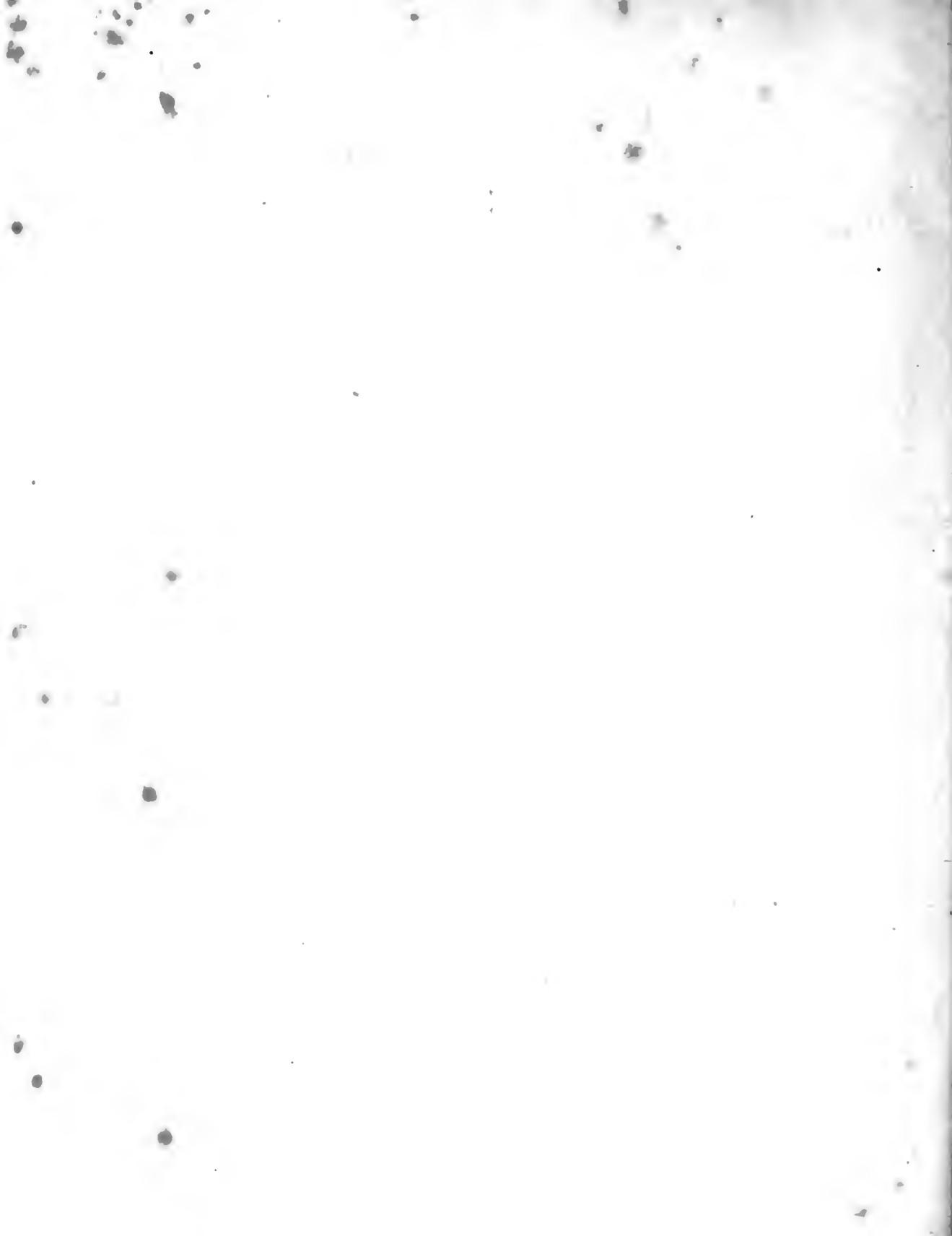












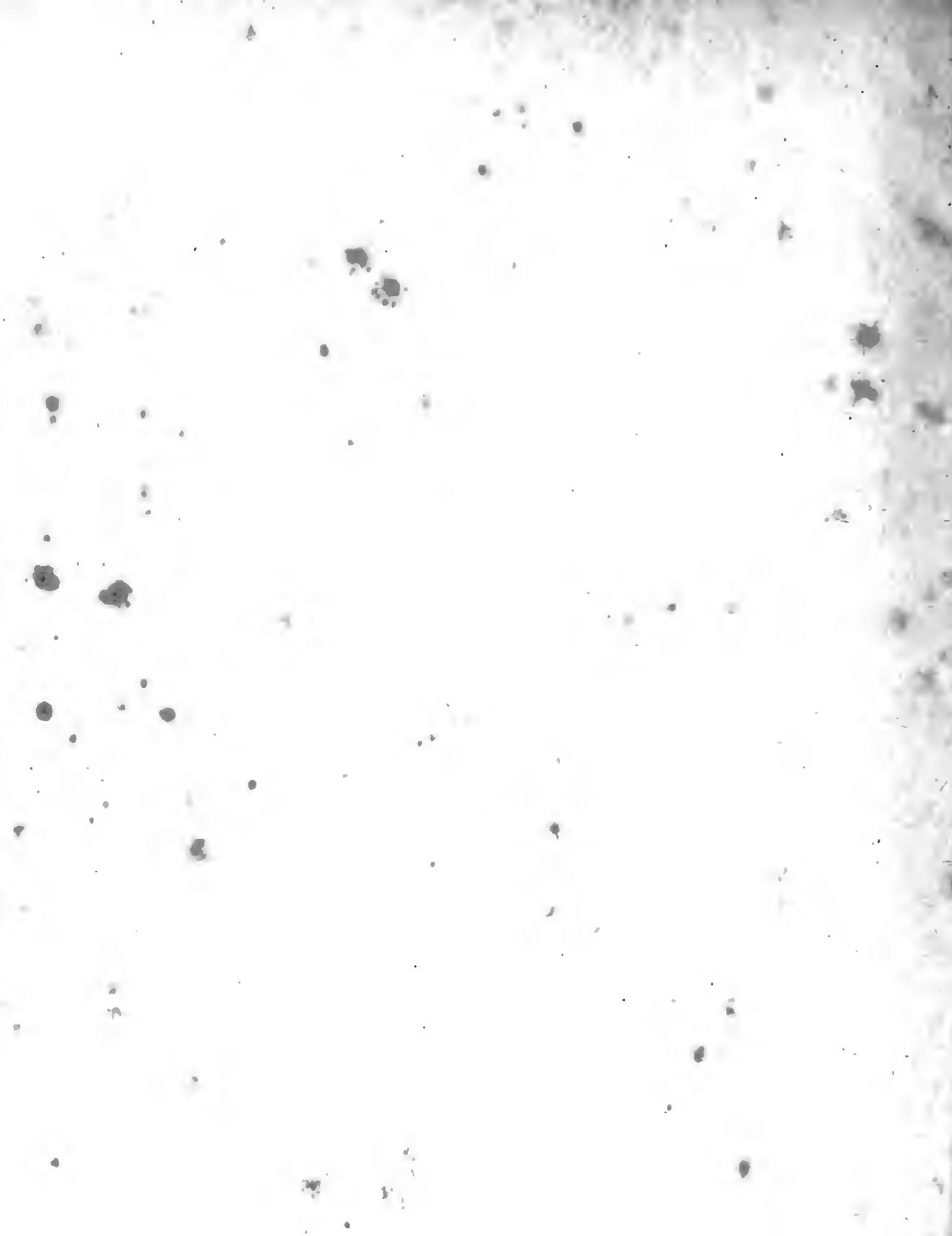




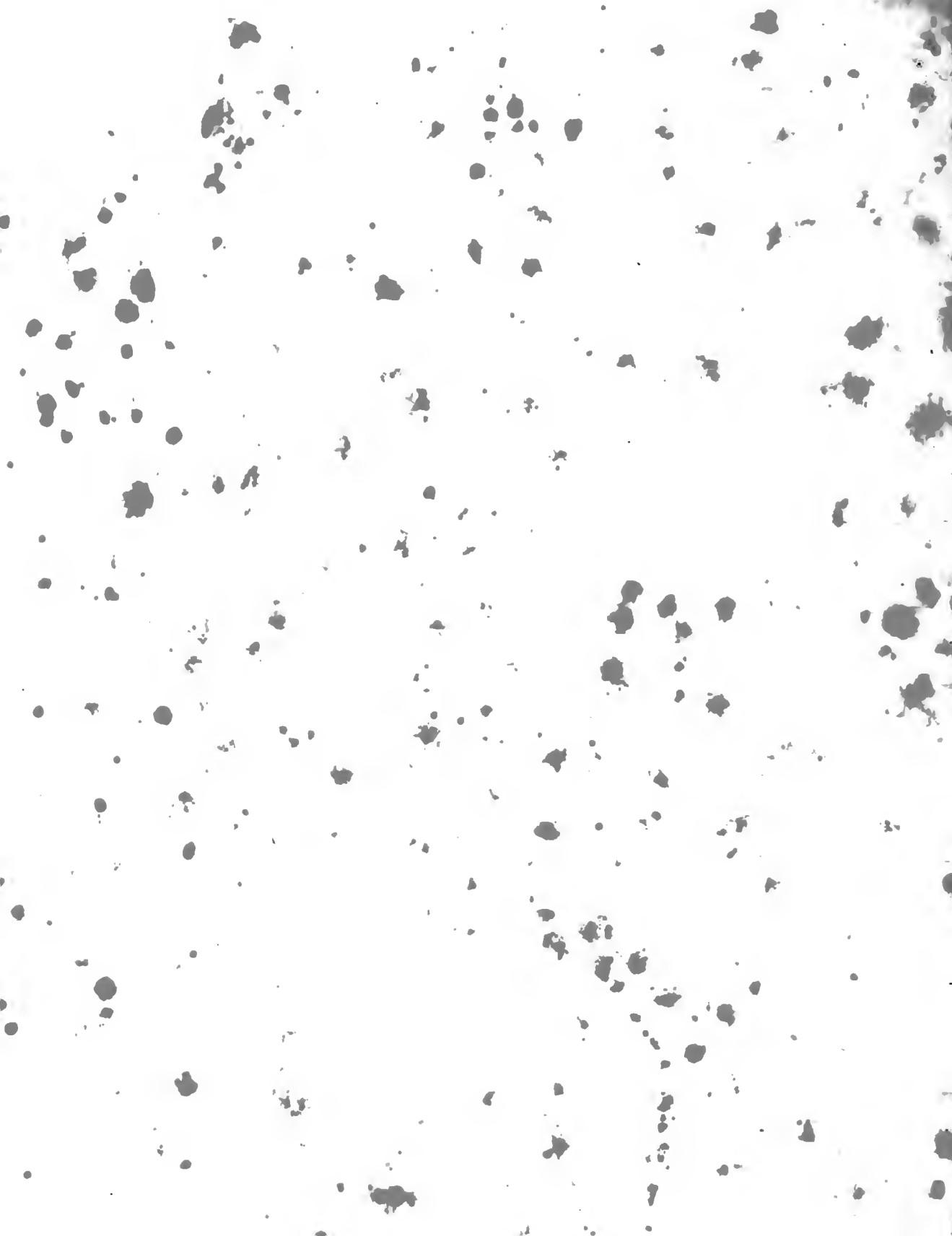


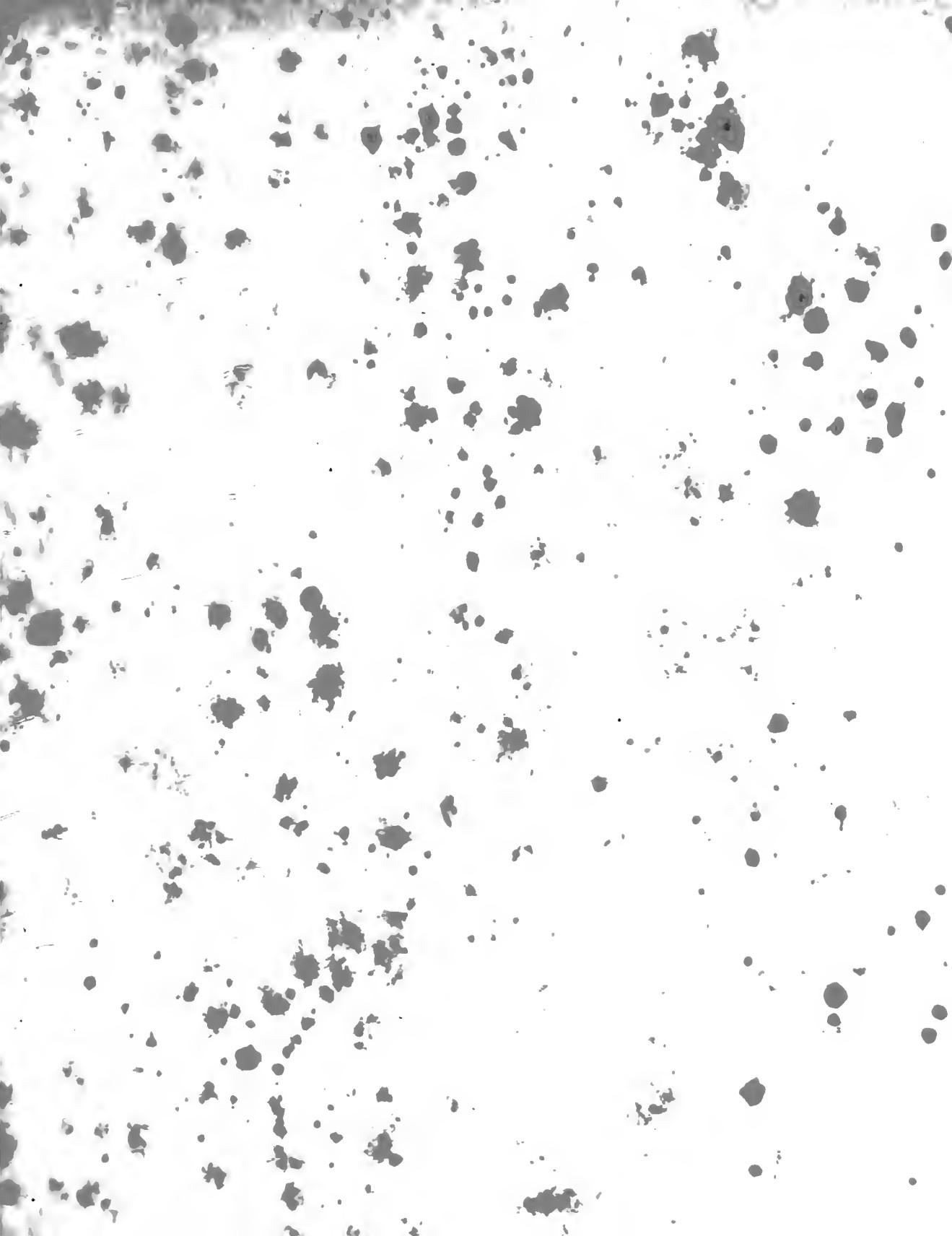


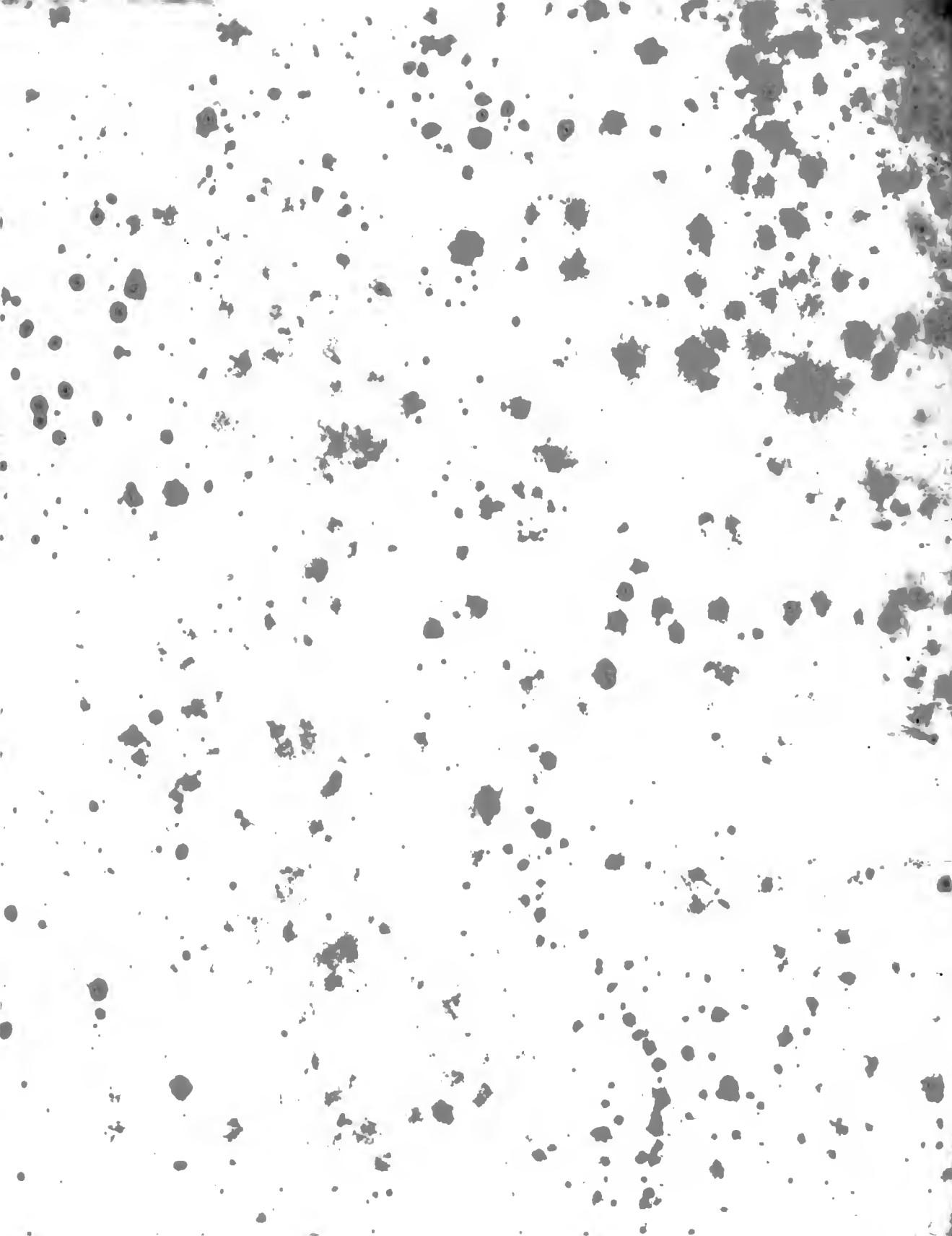












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